Cambria Freeman.

McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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UME VIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1874. NUMBER 31.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

STPONEMENT!

TH AND LAST CONCERT

IC LIBRARY OF KY.

DAY FIXED

AND

L DRAWING ASSURED

AY, 30th NOVEMBER, 1874.

LAST CHANCE

FOR

ASY FORTUNE!

Fifth Concert of the Public Library has been so generally announced that it must meet the approval of ... finally fixed and there will ... programme now announced ... tickets had been sold ... a large drawing on ... postponement was con... partial drawing. Let it be

Fifth Gift Concert

WILL EVER BE GIV... AFTER AND BY THE ... unequivocally take

DAY, 30th November,

... the country affords

Cash Gifts,

AGGREGATING

2,500,000

... among the ticket holders.

LIST OF GIFTS.

$250,000
100,000
75,000
50,000
25,000
100,000
140,000
150,000
100,000
100,000
90,000
100,000
100,000
120,000
50,000

OF TICKETS.

50 00
25 00
5 00
500 00
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... should order promptly ... agents ... will be allowed to satisfac... full particulars furnished

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SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon.*, *Al. Vend. Expon.*, and *Levari Facias*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on **Monday, the 7th day of September** next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of C. Allenbaugh, of, in and to a tract or piece of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Martin & Co., Robert Burtnett, —— Westbrook, and others, containing 83 acres, more or less, unimproved.—Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wm. Sumner & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Abraham Lingerich, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Jas. Hanna, Philip Warner, Widow Brown, and others, containing 60 acres, more or less, about 40 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one story frame house and a log barn, now in the occupancy of —— Henry. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Anna B. McGonigle and John E. Scanlan, executors of Jeremiah McGonigle.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Chas. McMullen, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of James E. McMullen, James Ivory, Matthew McMullen, and others, containing 75 acres, more or less, about 55 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story log house and frame barn, now in the occupancy of Charles C. McMullen. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of E. & H. Nutter.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Chas. A. McMullen, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Andrew Dodson, John Hagan, John B. Hoffman, and others, containing 100 acres, more or less, about — acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story frame house and a frame stable, now in the occupancy of Charles A. McMullen and Joseph Fisher. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Edwin McMullen, for use of Felix Jacob.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John P. Parrish and Catharine Parrish, owners and contractors, to wit: Said building is a dwelling house of two stories, having a front of 36 feet and a depth of 28 feet, situate on a certain lot of ground at Portage, in the township of Washington, county of Cambria, fronting on the Pennsylvania Rail Road and adjoining lands of Henry Allenbaugh and others. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Abraham Hahn.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of R. C. Christy, of, in and to one-half lot of ground situate in the West Ward of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, bounded on the north by lot of Mrs. Griswold, on the east by an alley, and on the west by an alley, having thereon erected a two story frame house, now in the occupancy of James Todd. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of the City Bank of Pittsburg, endorsee of Henry A. Freyvogle.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Silas Adams, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Jas. Adams, Harry Shepherd, Redmond Mellon, and others, containing 100 acres, more or less, about 75 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story frame house and a frame barn, now in the occupancy of Silas Adams. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Jacob Luther, for use of John E. Shields.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Peter Dunn, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Munster township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of David O'Harro, dec'd, heirs of James Smith, dec'd, and others, containing 120 acres, more or less, about 70 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one story log house and a log barn, now in the occupancy of Thomas Roop. *Also* a piece or parcel of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Joseph Criste, M. M. Adams, and others, having thereon erected a steam saw mill, frame stable, blacksmith shop, a one-and-a-half story plank house not now occupied, and a one-and-a-half story plank house now in the occupancy of Peter Dunn. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Francis Freithoff, for use of John E. Scanlan, executor of the last will and testament of M. M. Adams.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John Brotherline, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of R. Hewit, Jas. Condon, Loudon & Co. and others, containing about 700 acres, more or less, unimproved. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of James Swires and Anthony Swires.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Daniel Kline, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Chest township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Geo. Deitrich, John Thomas, and others, containing 35 acres, more or less, about 7 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story house and a log barn, now in the occupancy of Dan'l Kline. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wm. Kittell, administrator of Michael Kline.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John P. Parrish, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate at Portage Station, Washington township, Cambria county, fronting on the Pennsylvania Rail Road and adjoining lands of Henry Allenbaugh and others, having thereon erected a two story frame house, now in the occupancy of John P. Parrish. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John McCullough.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Peter McGough and R. McGough his wife, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Wm. Skelly, John Brady, and others, containing 75 acres, more or less, about 40 acres of which are cleared. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of F. D. Casey, James Casey and T. C. Fogarty & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of J. L. Martin, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the borough of Chest Springs, Cambria county, fronting on Columbia street and adjoining lot of Mrs. —— Herd and an alley, having thereon erected a two story frame house and a board stable, now in the occupancy of Mrs. Susan Martin. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of E. & H. Nutter.

HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 10, 1874.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is hereby given that the following Appraisements of Real Estate and Personal Property of Decedents, selected and set apart for the Widows of Intestates under the Act of Assembly of 16th April, A. D. 1851, have been filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 9TH, A. D. 1874:

1. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Elizabeth Bending, widow of John Bending, late of Johnstown borough, dec'd,—$110.25.
2. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Mary Glass, widow of Edward Glass, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd,—$300.00.
3. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Elizabeth Catharine Brown, widow of John S. Brown, late of Jackson township, dec'd,—$300.00.
4. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Margaret Hunt, widow of Timothy Hunt, late of Jackson township, dec'd,—$254.17.
5. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Agnes Ann Buck, widow of Henry Buck, late of Carroll township, dec'd, $141.00.
6. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Margaret Helle, widow of Otho Helle, late of Washington township, dec'd,—$362.00.
7. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Susannah Younkin, widow of David Younkin, late of White township, dec'd,—$255.85.
8. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Catharine Schermer, widow of Conrad Schermer, late of Johnstown borough, dec'd,—$300.00.
9. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Lydia Evans, widow of John O. Evans, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd,—$33.34.
10. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Margaret George, widow of Paul George, late of Washington township, dec'd,—$295.95.
11. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Ann Jones, widow of Thomas M. Jones, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd,—$180.00.
12. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Mary M. Kopelin, widow of Abraham Kopelin, late of Johnstown borough, dec'd,—$300.00.
13. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Elizabeth Good, widow of Jacob Good, late of Taylor township, dec'd,—$136.40.

JAMES M. SINGER, Register.

Register's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 10, 1874.

PASS UNDER THE ROD.

BY MRS. DANA.

I saw the young bride in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array,
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay;
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth
By the chains which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And that chain had been severed in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe!
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes;
He strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies!
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
"I love thee, I love thee pass under the rod!"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend,
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy;
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name.
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
O! sweet as the rosebud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw, as she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent and cold;
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told!
But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart,
And taken her treasure away!
To allure her to heaven He placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
"I love thee, I love thee pass under the rod!"

I saw a father and mother who leaned
On the arms of a dear gifted son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze
As they saw the proud place he had won:
And the fast coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet;
And the starlight of love glimmered bright at the end.
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
And I saw them again bending low o'er the grave
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid.
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And joy from their bosom had fled;
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care,
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world—
'Twas their star shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God—
"I love thee, I love thee pass under the rod!"

ON HIS TRACK.

Over twenty years ago (said Mr. Whitmire, a detective with whom I recently had an interview), I was on the police force of New York. One summer night, a few minutes past twelve, I was pacing my beat in a quiet part of C—— Street, when a man called out from a second-story window:

"I say, sir, are you a policeman?"

"Yes," I replied. "What's the matter?"

"I heard a heavy jar in Mr. Bradley's house, next door, and he may have fallen and hurt himself. He just came in a few minutes ago. If I were you I would ring the bell."

Mr. Bradley was a wealthy old bachelor, who had lived entirely alone for years, in an old-fashioned brick house. His riches were a subject of frequent gossip; and it was said that in his house, to which no outsider was ever admitted, he kept a large amount of money and silver-ware. I rang the bell, but there was no response.

"Are you sure you saw him go in?" I asked.

"Yes; sure of it. He hadn't been in half a minute before I heard a heavy fall. I have heard no sound since."

"There must be something wrong," I said, after ringing the bell a second time, and receiving no response. I tried the door, but it was locked.

"If I were you I would force the door," suggested the man at the window.

"I don't like to do that. Is there any other entrance?"

"Yes, that alley just beyond the steps leads to a back yard; but the gate is probably locked, as well as the rear door."

"I will go and see," said I; and walking up the narrow alley, I discovered, by the dim light of a street lamp nearly opposite, that the gate stood open.

I looked in, and perceived that the rear door was open, and a faint light shone out. All was perfectly quiet. I returned to the street, and said to the man at the window:

"The gate and back door are open. Come down, and we'll go in."

In half a minute he joined me on the sidewalk, when I recognized him as an acquaintance, named Henry Collins.

"Ah, is this you? I didn't know you lived here," I said.

"Yes, and I didn't recognize you when I first spoke."

"Well," said I, "there may have been some foul work in this house, and we had better both go in."

We went up the alley, into the yard, and entered the open door. The rear room was evidently used as a kitchen; and guided by the dim light, we passed through another open door into a narrow hall with a stairway. Near the street door was an old table, on which stood a lighted candle, that had burned to within an inch of the candlestick. At the foot of the stairs lay Mr. Bradley, quite dead, and a frightful wound upon his head convinced me that he had been murdered.

At my request, Mr. Collins hurried away to the police station, two hundred yards distant, to inform the captain, while I took the candle and made a hasty examination of the premises. A number of drawers in the second-story back room had been broken open and ransacked, and on the floor lay half of a fresh-looking newspaper. Knowing that the old bachelor was not in the habit of spending money for newspapers, it struck me that the robber might have had it in his pocket, and possibly used the other half to wrap up some of his plunder, leaving behind him, in his hurry, what might prove a valuable clue. I therefore folded up the fragment, and put it in my pocket. A moment later Mr. Collins returned, accompanied by several officers and a surgeon.

To make this part of the story brief, I will state that the usual formalities followed, the body being handed over to the coroner, and the case was placed in the hands of the detectives. I at first intended to give them the bit of newspaper I had picked up, but I had some ambition to be a detective myself, and concluded to keep it, at least a day or two, to see if I could find a clue from it. It was lucky I did.

On the following afternoon, while off duty, and walking around in ordinary dress, I paused opposite a well-known hotel, to watch some painters who were at work on a swinging-ladder under the eaves, and my eyes chanced to alight on a man who sat by a third-story window, apparently engaged in packing a valise. The window was open, and as he lifted some article from the ledge to store it away, a piece of newspaper on which it had been lying was carried out over the street by a draught of air, and came fluttering down into the gutter, near my feet.

I might not have noticed this trifling circumstance, but for the manner in which the paper had been torn—that is, not in a straight line, but almost in the form of the letter V, as though it had been done hurriedly. This, I remembered, corresponded with the piece I had picked up in the murdered man's house, and I snatched it up and went into an adjacent alley to compare them. What a leap my heart gave, when I discovered that the two halves of the paper fitted together exactly. There was no doubt of it.

"On his track," I muttered. "Aha, old fellow, you don't get off with that valise so easily."

And being familiar with the interior of the hotel, I crossed the street, went in, and was soon at the door of Room Twenty-one, from whose window the paper had blown. I rapped gently upon the door, so as not to startle him too much.

"Come in," said a voice within.

I opened the door and recognized, still seated on a chair by the window, the man whom I had seen packing the valise, a task he had just completed. He was a muscular man of forty years, with a clean-shaven face that wore an expression of craftiness. He seemed somewhat confused when I entered, and he said:

"Ah, I thought it was the porter! Haven't you made a mistake?"

Without replying I deliberately locked the door and put the key in my pocket, while he stared amazedly.

"I see you are getting ready to leave," I remarked, sarcastically.

"Yes, but—but—"

"Suppose you stay in New York a little longer," I interrupted.

"Why, sir, what do you mean?" he exclaimed, rising from his chair.

"Oh, nothing of any great consequence," I replied coolly. "Perhaps you wouldn't object to my taking a look into that valise, eh?"

"Perhaps you'll do me the kindness to get out of my room," he retorted.

He had taken the valise from the floor, and I quickly snatched it from him. I had scarcely done so when he dealt me a blow near the temple with his fist, sending me reeling across the room, where I brought up against the door. He then snatched up the valise which had fallen from my hand, threw it on the bed, and angrily exclaimed:

"Look here, sir, are you drunk or crazy? Now hand me that key, and get out of my room, or I will throw you out of the window!"

"Not so fast," said I drawing my revolver. "I am an officer, and am here to arrest you for the murder you committed last night."

He stared a moment, then a change came over his countenance, and he sat down again and fairly roared with laughter.

"Come, you can't play that," said I. "This is no laughing matter. Where are the money and silver-ware you took from Bradley's house?"

"Are you really an officer?" he asked, growing serious again.

"Certainly I am. Perhaps you never saw this bit of paper, sir," said I, displaying the piece that had blown from his window.

"My friend," he replied, "I admire the earnestness with which you go about your duties as detective, but you have by some means or other got on the wrong scent. I am very sorry I struck you in a moment of anger, and hope you will pardon me. I am Charles M——, a Boston detective, of whom you have probably heard. I arrived about daylight this morning, and have since been taking a good sleep, before attending to a little business in Brooklyn. I registered as J. Brown for a reason you will readily comprehend. Here is my card, and here are some slight evidences of my vocation." Here he took two pairs of handcuffs from his pocket, and jingled them before my astonished gaze. "By the way, if that is the piece of newspaper that fell from my window, and you think it has any connection with the affair you speak of, it will probably afford you an important clue. I found it here, where it was probably left by a former lodger, and I think there is a name on the margin."

I examined the margin over the title of the paper, and to my astonishment found written in pencil the name and residence of Henry Collins. It was a weekly paper which I observed was published in a little city he had formerly lived in, and its date was so recent that he must have received it on the very day preceding the murder. I immediately took leave of Mr. M——, saying that I thought I knew where the paper had come from, and begging his pardon for having treated him so rudely, and hastened down to the office of the hotel, where I examined the register, finding the name of J. Brown (the detective), with Room Twenty-one assigned. I knew the clerk, and I inquired:

"When did Mr. Brown take Room Twenty-one?"

"Early this morning when I was not on duty."

"Did any one occupy the room during the night?"

"N — o, yes—let me see," he replied looking over the preceding page of the register—"here is the name of Harvey Elton I remember now. He was without baggage and paid for the room in advance, saying he wanted to be called at three o'clock. The porter went up at that hour, but the door was open and the bed had not been slept in. The other clerk mentioned to me that he gave the same room, this morning, to Mr. Brown, because he wanted a front room."

"Do you remember the appearance of Elton?"

"Yes—rather small man, with full black beard."

Henry Collins was a small man, but wore no beard. Of course my suspicions were fixed on him as soon as I discovered his name on the margin of the newspaper, yet I never dreamed that he was capable of committing a crime.

My mind now underwent a series of rapid changes. One moment I regarded it as almost certain that Henry Collins had something to do with the murder; the next moment I would say to myself, "It is preposterous; he is no such man. There are a thousand ways this paper might have got into other hands. He may have lent it to old Bradley; or it may have fallen from his window; or he may have lost it from his pocket. Why should he have called my attention to Bradley's house? Besides, he wears no beard."

On the subject of this beard it did not at first occur to me that he might have worn a false one; but it did finally, and I recalled, very soon afterward, what I now regarded as a most suspicious circumstance.

It was about midnight that Henry Collins told me that Mr. Bradley had been in but a few minutes. I now remembered that the body was cold and rigid when I first went in, and I hastened away to meet the surgeon who had made the examination, five minutes later.

I had the good luck to find him soon, and in reply to my inquiry, he stated that Bradley must have been dead two hours when he was called.

"Have the detectives found any clue?" he asked.

"Not that I'm aware of," I replied, and took my leave.

My first step now was to go to an establishment in which Collins was employed and enquire for him.

On doing so, I was informed that he had asked and obtained leave of absence to visit Trenton.

I next started for his house, which was half a mile distant carefully looking up and down every street I crossed. I had made half of the distance when I caught a glimpse of the very man I was looking for.

He was coming towards me on one of the cross streets, showing that he had not come directly from his house. He carried a valise, and by his side walked a small, rough-looking man whom I did not know, and with whom he was conversing earnestly. I went a few steps to meet them, and was within a yard of them before Collins saw me.

"Ah, how are you, Mr. Collins?" I said

He started visibly, but on recognizing me, seemed to regain his composure, and answered my salutation. He would have passed on, but I detained him by pausing in front of him and opening a dialogue.

"Not going traveling?" said I.

"Yes—a short distance—only to New Haven."

"Wouldn't it be just as well to go to Trenton?" I asked, in a significant tone, eyeing him keenly.

He turned very pale, and in a voice that quivered perceptibly, said:

"Great heaven, Mr. Whitmire! what do you mean?"

"I mean that you and your friend must go to the station with me."

With a look of despair on his white face that I never shall forget, he dropped his valise, and staggered a step or so to an awning-post, which he grasped for support.

At the same moment his companion turned to dart away; but luckily two men, who had just stopped on the sidewalk to talk about something, stood directly in his path, and his movements being confused, I reached him with one bound, and seized him by the collar, warning him not to resist.

He was thoroughly cowed, while Collins had too little strength left him to attempt to escape. In five minutes I marched them into the station, together with the valise, and had them locked up in separate cells.

I then told the captain the whole story. He was disposed to think, at first, that I had made a blunder; but on questioning the two prisoners, and especially on examining the valise, and finding a large sum of money in it, he concluded that I had caught the right men, and so distanced the regular detectives.

It proved to be so, and the two men were duly convicted of murder, on evidence that was beyond all dispute. Indeed, when Collins lost all hope of escaping the gallows, he was so broken down that he made a full confession, giving substantially the following account of the crime:

The stories of Bradley's great wealth had first put it into his head to rob him. By watching a long time from a back window he had discovered the nature of the fastenings by which the back door and gate were secured. He was not bold enough to undertake the task alone, but he knew a certain bad character named Kevern, to whom he confided his scheme, describing the fastenings of Bradley's gate and door, and asking him if he could force them.

Kevern said he could, and readily entered into the plot. They went to work a little after dark, one night, when they knew that Bradley had gone out, but the fastenings of the rear door resisted much longer than they had expected, and they had barely succeeded in entering when Bradley came in at the front door, locked it and lighted his candle.

Determined not to be foiled now, they rushed upon the old man and struck him down with the tools they had been using. This, it seems, was between nine and ten o'clock.

They then ransacked the house, finding considerable money, chiefly in bank-notes. The latter were in a disordered condition, and to make a compact bundle of them, Collins hastily tore in two the fatal newspaper, which he chanced to have in his pocket, using one-half to wrap his spoils in, and in his nervous haste, leaving the other lying upon the floor.

In order to examine their plunder at leisure, they went to the hotel alluded to, where one of them engaged a room to which he repaired, and in which he was soon joined by the other. Both were disguised, a portion of Collins' being a false beard.

Collins felt so nervous over the awful affair, that night, that he would not take any of the plunder home with him, and so, after counting the money, he intrusted it to Kevern for the night, with an understanding that they should meet next day, take a trip to New Haven, and there each deposit his share in a bank in his own name, or any name he might choose to assume.

When Kevern made a package of the money again, he picked up a fragment of another newspaper he found in the room, leaving that bearing Collins' name lying upon the floor. It was shortly after Collins returned home, that night, that he called my attention to Bradley's house, foolishly thinking that, by so doing, he would never once come within the range of suspicion.

Collins died from pure terror before the day appointed for his execution; but Kevern paid the extreme penalty of the law.

It was this case, which I worked up on my own account, and in which I was largely assisted by mere chance, that gave me a place on the detective force; and I have been pretty successful ever since. Many a man has worked harder and displayed more sagacity than I did on that occasion, without accomplishing so great an end.

The Girl to Find.

The true girl has to be sought after. She does not parade herself in show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally she is not rich. But, oh! what a heart she has when you find her! so large, and pure, and womanly. When you see it you wonder if those showy things outside were women. If you gain her love your two thousands are millions. The'll not ask you for a carriage or a first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, with no vulgar magnificate to frown upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your power higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought how little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home (if you don't you're a brute), and teach you how to pity, while you scorn, a poor fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy. Now, do not, I pray you, say any more, "I can't afford to marry." Go, find the true woman, and you can. Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself and seek your wife in a sensible way.

The Vibratory Note.

In order that processions may safely cross large suspension bridges, it is necessary that they should break step in order to insure safety; and it is told, in illustration, that when the first suspension bridge was building in England, a fiddler offered to demolish it with his fiddle. Striking one note after another, he eventually hit the vibrating note or fundamental tone, and threw the structure into extraordinary vibrations. Only recently a bridge went down in France under the tread of a regiment of infantry who neglected to break step on entering it. Three hundred persons were drowned. The experiment of breaking a tumbler or other glass vessel by frequent repetitions of some particular note of the human voice belongs to the same class of phenomena.

The Brave Klinesmith Girls.

Towards the close of the Revolution, there lived near where the town of New Berlin, Union county, now stands, a family named Klinesmith. A small party of Indians coming upon their dwelling, whilst the males of the family were busy in a harvest field of a neighbor, plundered the house, and carried away two of Klinesmith's daughters, one sixteen, the other fourteen years old. The party retreated to a spring north of New Berlin—now called the Still House Spring—where they halted, and not satisfied with the trifling mischief they had done, left their prisoners and booty in the care of the oldest man of the party, whilst the main body proceeded to the harvest field, in the hopes of getting some scalps to carry home as trophies of their success.

The old man lighted his pipe, and sat down at the foot of the tree, keeping an eye upon his prisoners. After some time the rain began to fall, when Betsey, the oldest girl, intimated to the sentinel that she meant to cut down some branches from the trees and cover a small bag of flour which the Indians had brought from her father's house. The Indian, little suspecting her real intention, assented, and permitted her to take one of the axes or tomahawks. She pretended to be very busy occupied with her task, but contrived to get behind the old man, and buried the axe in his head!

By this time the scalping party, finding the harvesters too numerous and well armed for their purpose, were on their return, and had heard the groan or cry of the old Indian as he fell. The girls fled—the savages pursued, and fired. The young girl, just as she was in the act of springing over a fallen tree, was pierced with a bullet, which entered below the shoulder, and came out at the breast. She fell, and immediately rolled herself under the log, which at that point was raised a little from the ground. The savages sprang over the log, in chase of her sister, without observing that any one lay under it.

Betsey being a strong and active lass, gave them a hard run, so that the harvesters, by the firing, came to the rescue in time to save her, and change the pursuers into fugitives. They found the little girl under the fallen tree, much terrified and weakened by loss of blood, but fortunately not dangerously wounded, the ball having passed through her body without touching any vital organ. She recovered, and afterwards married a man named Campbell. Becoming a widow she married again. Her last husband's name was Chambers. Betsey also married, and, with her husband, removed to one of the Western States.—*History of the West Branch.*

* * *

HOW A PEDAGOGUE MADE LOVE.—Mr. Mills, Southside School Superintendent, makes out examination questions, for teachers in a way peculiar to himself, winding up every question with, "if so, why?" or, "If not, why not?" One of the teachers tells this story about him:

She says she boarded once at the same place where his "girl" boarded. One night he came, rang the bell, and asked the servant:

"Is Miss ——— in, and if so, why? Is she engaged, and how?"

Then he went in, and the little tattle-tale listening at the key-hole, heard him say:

"My darling, do you love me? If not, why not?"

After a while—"Give a synopsis of your employment during the week. Analyze thoroughly and completely the state of your sentiments towards me."

When he left, after kissing her, he remarked:

"Be prepared on Sunday next, at half-past two p. m., to state, accurately and concisely, when, where, and by whom, and under what circumstances our marriage shall be performed."

* * *

SAWS.—The ancient Egyptians made saws of bronze, which they used in cutting out planks from logs. They were single handed, like those now used by carpenters. The Egyptians would place a log on end, fix it firmly in the ground, and then saw downwards, dividing the log into planks by a very slow process. The Greeks fastened their saws in a frame, very much after the fashion of modern times. In Greece and Asiatic countries the teeth of the saws point from the handle and when in operation have to be pulled instead of pushed, as is the custom with English and American saws. In delicate work, when very fine small saws are used, the eastern implement is preferable to ours. The Orientals also differs from us in setting the teeth of saws. They turn a group of a dozen one way, then a group of the same number the other way, while we turn one tooth on one side and the next on the other.

* * *

—A new dramatic version of Charles Reade's story of "Griffith Gaunt" has been produced at Niblo's Theatre, New York, and an amusing divertisement was produced when "Catharine Gaunt," holding a package of letters and saying, "These will prove my innocence." approaches her friend, "Father Francis," by a shrill voice from the gallery "gods" shouting, "Give 'em to Moulton."

* * *

MARRIAGE, with peace, is this world's paradise.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - Aug. 28, 1874.

It is said with apparent confidence since the action of the late Democratic State convention of Tennessee, that Ex-President Johnson will be elected to the United States Senate as the successor of the notorious William G. Brownlow familiary known as "Parson Brownlow."

The Democratic State nominating convention met at Pittsburgh on Wednesday, and organized by the election of Hon. Wm. A. Wallace as temporary Chairman. Five ballots for Supreme Judge were had, resulting in the nomination of Judge Woodward, when the convention adjourned over till to-day (Thursday.) We go to press without later advices.

Grant's *third term* project received a perfect quietus in the radical State convention. A delegate named Att's n, one of Grant's office-holders in the Philadelphia Custom House, offered a resolution in favor of the nomination of the President for a third term. It was received with a perfect storm of hisses and was promptly withdrawn. It would be impossible for the radicals of this or any other State to offer a more direct insult to the President of their choice. It would now be in order for Grant to say that he never thought of being a candidate for a third time. The convention added an additional insult by adopting a resolution in favor of that distinguished statesman, John F. Hartranft, as the Republican candidate for President in 1876. The New York *Tribune* says the platform is beneath contempt, including the third term proposition.

We invite the attention of our readers to a correspondence, "rich, rare and racy," which will be found in another part of our paper, taken from the Lancaster *Intelligencer*. It is a fair specimen of radical campaign literature. Major William M. Wiley, one of the parties to the correspondence, is well known to many of the citizens of this county, having several years ago been engaged in business at Gallitzin tunnel, on the Pennsylvania Rail Road.—Wiley asserts that he paid, or rather bribed, Aaron H. Summy, who was a radical candidate for Assembly from Lancaster county in 1868, and is one now, the sum of $500 *cash*, to defray his expenses in procuring his nomination, and when elected, to control his (Summy's) vote for United States Senator. It seems that Summy, if Wiley tells the truth, violated his part of the corrupt bargain and sale, and in the slang of the day, "went back" on his friend Wiley, and voted for the notorious William H. Kemble for United States Senator, who was not Wiley's candidate. Could any exposure be more humiliating and disgraceful? The simple question growing out of this correspondence is, who is the greater scoundrel, Wiley or Summy? Summy, in his reply to Wiley, denies that he was bribed—of course he would not now admit it—and Wiley in his card openly confesses his own moral and political turpitude. Wiley has seen proper to show by his letter to what an unfathomed abyss of infamy he can descend. And this is the dark and terrible way by which radical United States Senators in this State are manipulated and their election effected. Will not the honest voters of Pennsylvania rebel at the ballot-box and at least make an honest effort to redeem the State from the rule of a corrupt Ring?

Following are the second and third resolutions adopted by the Republican State Convention which assembled at Harrisburg last week:

> 2. The Republicans of Pennsylvania having been the first to demand a change in the Constitution that would abolish special legislation and all its attendant evils, and the necessary legislation for the call of a Constitutional Convention for that purpose having emanated from them, we are justified in rejoicing, to-day, over the accomplishment of that great reform and over the delivery of the State from the evil consequences of the old system.
>
> 3. The movement for the formation of the new Constitution having been made by the Republican party and carried to completion under its auspices, the task of putting in operation the machinery of the new fundamental law belongs to it, of right, and the duty it involves will be, as it has been, faithfully performed by it.

It would be impossible for impudence and brazen hypocrisy to reach a lower depth than has been attained in the above declaration from the pen of Russell Errett, the head and front of the Pittsburgh Ring, who wrote and reported the platform. William B. Mann, the king of the Ring in Philadelphia, was a member of the Convention, and, in conjunction with Errett controlled its proceedings in the interests of their respective clans. Simon Cameron and John Scott were also present, George Lear, of Bucks county, was temporary Chairman of the Convention, and John S. Rutan, of the Beaver county Ring, was its permanent President. Errett and Mann both opposed the new Constitution. Simon Cameron came from Washington to Harrisburg a day or two before the election to oppose it in his own county, and was successful. John Scott made a lengthy and bitter speech against it in Philadelphia. George Lear, who was a member of the Convention, *refused* to sign the Constitution and openly opposed its ratification. All these men were the controlling spirits of the radical convention. With what grace it comes from these Ring leaders to insult the intelligence of the people by setting up the impudent and unwarranted claim that the Republican party was peculiarly in favor of the adoption of the constitution.

On this subject the Pittsburgh *Leader* says:

> "The best, because the boldest, thing the convention at Harrisburg did yesterday, was claiming credit for the excellent new Constitution which the State has got, when the fact was that the men who engineered the convention *fought the new Constitution with all their might in its inception, opposed its adoption, and as long as possible obstructed the setting of it into execution.*"

As strongly indicative of the tone of the the Republican press of Western Pennsylvania in reference to the nominations and platform of the late Radical State Convention, we publish below an article from the Pittsburgh *Telegraph* of the 20th inst., a leading Republican organ. We could give place to other articles of a similar import, but this will suffice:

> The programme of the Mackey-Cameron ring was carried out to the letter, and the candidates nominated were the ones advertised by the ring as the men of their choice. The convention missed a grand opportunity of strengthening the State ticket for the work of a difficult campaign by nominating Paxson instead of Butler, and Hall or Logan for Supreme Judge. In the early stage of the proceedings, and especially at the informal caucus yesterday morning, it looked as if Butler would be nominated, but there was no getting over the united strength of Allegheny and Philadelphia swinging together. By their action on certain preliminary votes the Allegheny delegation nominated Paxson and defeated Graham. They sold themselves to the Philadelphians for a vote for Graham, and were cheated, as they deserved to be. There never was greater blundering than our delegates committed, if it was blundering and not treachery. They didn't even bring their candidates off the field with the honors of war.
>
> The platform is lengthy and an awkwardly constructed document, inconsistent with itself and the facts of history. In a great part, it is a special plea for the ring, and a studied disparagement of President Grant. The nomination of Governor Hartranft for the Presidency was premature, and will astonish the people of the State. It will do him no good, if his friends seriously contemplate him for the succession, for nothing is more certain in politics than that the best way to kill off a Presidential aspirant is to put him early in the field, and thus invite a union against him of the friends of all other candidates. The financial planks of the platform are contradictory. One endorses the declaration of the national platform of 1872, in favor of a return to specie payments, while the other favors a free banking law without provision for redemption. One resolution looks fair and square towards specie payments, while the other faces in the direction of continued issues of irredeemable currency. This is simply farcical, an attempt to straddle inflation and contraction at one and the same time.
>
> There are some good recommendations in the resolutions, and notably those insisting on salaries instead of fees for public officers, and demanding a reduction in local taxation. The fact that Governor Hartranft vetoed a bill cutting off the enormous fee system in Philadelphia, and that the resolution favoring salaries was read to the Convention by a "row official" from Philadelphia, who realizes seventy or eighty thousand dollars a year as the result of that veto, militates somewhat against the sincerity of the ring in its clamor for reform in the matter of salaries versus fees.
>
> As sufficiently indicated, we by no means indorse all the acts of this ring-ridden and trading Convention. Its action was no fair or honest representation of the aspirations and hopes of the Republican party of Pennsylvania. If its candidates should come to grief, the Ring alone will be responsible. In the nature of things they will push their rule until it becomes insupportable, and revolt becomes a duty and privilege. Whether the time for it will be this fall is hidden in the future. One thing is certain, yesterday's Convention did its best to defeat the Republican party in Pennsylvania.

The following incident in the political career of Judge Paxson, who is very appropriately styled the vermifuge candidate of the Republican party for Judge of the Supreme Court, and which has just been republished in the *World*, is quite familiar in this State to all those at least who are at all conversant with Pennsylvania politics:

> Pennsylvanian memory is sometimes retentive. Her history, political and legislative, from the time when Mr. Cameron, then a [illegible], assisting [illegible] the Bank of the United States was chartered, has been by common consent a record of continuing corruption, not unlike the unmentionable books on the social evil which adorn French literature. But never in the course of this whole story was there a darker chapter—only relieved by the ugly fun of the affair—than that of which the now Judge of the Supreme Court was both the hero and the clown—the Quixote and the Sancho. It was the day of Know-Nothingism and church burning, when the pious Pollock (Grant's perennial Mint Director) was made Governor, and the less pious Conrad chosen Philadelphia's Mayor. There was then living and prospering in that city of medicine a compounder of pills and hair tonics, named Jayne. Mr. Paxson was his man Friday—willing to do anything for his client except to swallow his pills or apply his tonics. A place in the Senate of the United States was vacant, and young Paxson was despatched to Harrisburg with $10,000 in his pocket, "to put it where it would do the most good," or in plain English, to buy the place for Mr. Jayne. The plan failed. And the *Infelix* Paxson went home a "wiser" and, it is to be hoped (for a lesson of this kind to youth is often impressive), a better man. Simon Cameron outbid the Philadelphia doctor and was elected. The next session, there being a [illegible] Legislature, the whole affair was investigated and unsparingly condemned, during the inquiry Dr. Jayne and Judge Paxson finding it convenient to rusticate in Her Majesty's Dominion of Canada or Nova Scotia. All this the ringleaders of Pennsylvania know far better than we can pretend to, but it is familiar and accredited history, and with it fresh in memory they nominate and force on the rural Republicanism of the Commonwealth the survivor of this deed of shame. That it will be submitted to, we do not for an instant doubt. Of such is Pennsylvania Republicanism.

The *Sunday Press*, we are glad to see, did not, like its week day namesake, change its principles when its former editor went to Europe. It does not hesitate to denounce the work of the Republican State Convention as another victory of the Philadelphia Ring. It regards Paxson's nomination as a misfortune and significantly remarks:

> "His record, and especially his recent affiliations here in Philadelphia, do not recommend him for the Supreme Bench. The ablest, and purest lawyers in the Commonwealth should always be chosen for that exalted position, and formerly this was the rule; but it is one of the most afflicted evidences of the extent to which Pennsylvania politics have lately been demoralized that we have begun taking our judges, not only for the inferior but the highest courts, from the lower order of trading politicians. It is assumed by Judge Paxson's friends that his nomination is virtually his election under the New Constitution. It is so, if the majority of the party acquiesce. Otherwise, it is not. Two judges are to be selected, and the Constitution simply prescribes that each citizen shall vote for one only. *If a majority of the Republicans in the State should prefer to unite upon some better man he would be elected, and Mr. Mann's friends would be left out in the cold.*"

The *Sunday Press* says, moreover, that the efforts of certain Republican papers to impart a rose color to the proceedings of the convention, and record them as entirely harmonious, is at variance with the true state of facts, as the Butler men were shamefully cheated and cajoled, the artful bait at which they nibbled to their sorrow having been carefully prepared and cleverly cast for that very purpose.

The Black Hills Explorations.

A GOOD FARMING COUNTRY DISCOVERED—THE HILLS FULL OF IRON, PLUMBAGO, GOLD, AND OTHER MINERALS.

St. Paul, Aug. 22.—The report of Gen. Custer to the Department Commander, dated Bear Valley, Black Hills, Dakota Territory, August 15th, was received this morning at General Terry's headquarters. After detailing his operations and explorations, and the finding in one direction of an impassable barrier, which was finally circumvented, the General says: I propose to return by a different, although perhaps not shorter route than that adopted in turning to the Black Hills. I am induced to make this change in order to embrace a large extent of unexplored country within the limits of our explorations, and particularly to enable us to locate as much as possible of that portion of the Little Missouri of which nothing is now known. I expect the expedition to reach Fort Lincoln on the 31st of August. The health of the command has been and is most excellent. This expedition entered the Black Hills from the west side, penetrating through the eastern and most southern ranges, explored the major portions of the interior and passed out of the most eastern ranges, which form the boundary of the Black Hills. From the fact that in all our principal marches through the Black Hills we have taken, without serious obstacle, a heavily laden train of over one hundred wagons, it may be inferred that the Black Hills do not constitute the impenetrable regions heretofore represented. Entering the Black Hills from any direction, the most serious, if not only, obstacles were encountered once near the outer base. This probably accounts for the mystery which has so long existed regarding the character of the interior. Exploring parties have contented themselves with marching around their base, and from the forbidding aspect of the hills, as viewed at a distance, inferred that an advance towards the interior would only encounter increased obstacles. In regard to

THE CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY

enclosed by the Black Hills, I can only repeat what I have stated in previous dispatches. No portion of the United States can boast of a richer or better pasturage or purer water, the natural temperature of which in summer, as it flows from the earth, is but twelve degrees above the freezing point, and of greater advantage generally to farmers or stock raisers than are to be found in the Black Hills. Building stone of the best quality is to be found in inexhaustible quantities, and wood for fuel and lumber sufficient for all time to come. Rains are frequent, with no evidences in the country of either drouth or freshets. The seasons, perhaps, are too short and the nights too cool for corn, but I believe all other grain could be produced here in wonderful abundance. Wheat would particularly yield largely. There is no doubt as to the existence of

VARIOUS MINERALS

throughout the hills. As this subject has received the especial attention of experts who accompanied the expedition, and will be reported upon in detail, I will only mention the fact that iron and plumbago have been found, and beds of gypsum of apparently inexhaustible quantity. I referred in a former dispatch to the discovery of gold. Subsequent examinations at numerous points confirm and strengthen the fact of the existence of gold in the Black Hills. On some of the water courses almost every pan full of earth produced gold in small yet paying quantities. Our brief halts in rapid marching prevents anything but a very hasty examination of the country in this respect, but in one place, and the only one within my knowledge where so great a depth was reached, a hole was dug eight feet deep. The miners report they found gold among the roots of the grass, and from that point to the lower point reached gold was found in paying quantities. It does not need an expert to find gold in the Black Hills, as men without former experience in mining have discovered it at an expense of but little time or labor. As an evidence of the

RICH PASTURAGE

to be found in this region, I can state that my beef herd, after marching upwards of six hundred miles, is in better condition than when I started, being now as fat as is consistent with a marching condition. The same may be said of the mules of the wagon train. The horses of the command are in good working condition. I have never seen as many deer as in the Black Hills. Elk and bear have also been killed. We have had no collision with hostile Indians.

G. A. Custer,
Brevet Major General, U. S. A., Commanding Expedition.

The exciting contest now raging in Republican circles in Lancaster county has given rise to the following rich, rare and racy correspondence. We copy from the Lancaster *Intelligencer* of Saturday:

Lancaster, Pa., August 12, 1874.—*Sir:* My attention has been called to the card of Aaron H. Summy, dated Mt. Joy, August 10, 1874, headed "They Die Hard."

As to the charges contained in the circular headed "Read—Voters Look to Your Interests," I have only a knowledge as to one point, viz: his vote for United States senator. Prior to nomination of Aaron H. Summy for assembly in 1868 I arranged with him for the control of his vote for United States senator, the terms of which were $500 in cash, which I paid him personally, to defray his expenses to procure his nomination and when elected to control his vote for United States senator. When the time arrived to vote on the question of United States senator I found that the said Aaron H. Summy had sold his vote to the friends of the Hon. William H. Kemble, violating his pledge, and refused to fulfill his engagement with me.

Yours truly, W. M. Wiley.

On Thursday Wiley hailed Summy in passing the *Examiner* office and said "Here, I understand you offer $100 reward for any man who will prove that you ever sold your vote. I claim the reward; I bought your vote for United States senator in 1868, and paid you $500. Hand over the stuff, you d—d rascal." Summy in response to this assault has issued the following card:

Mt. Joy, August 14, 1874.—Ex-Revenue Collector Bill Wiley is out in a card over his signature against me. I will only call attention to the bankrupt, blackmailed and impoverished distillers of our county, who could, without doubt, tell how Wiley came to be worth half a million dollars. He says he gave me $500 for my vote for United States senator in 1868, and that I sold out to Hon. W. H. Kemble. Now Bill admits that he was doing dirty work for a villainous ring. And it is quite probable his masters gave him a large amount of money to use for corrupt purposes, which by instinct he kept in his own pocket. In order to satisfy his masters he must report he gave it to some one, and says he gave me $500, which is an infamous falsehood, coined to satisfy his masters and save himself. Beast Wiley always was a slave to the Muhlenbergs, and is yet. Poor Beast is compelled to do their dirty work. I pity him, but he cannot own Lancaster county. I have handed his card to my attorney, and if the game is worth the powder I'll have it adjusted before the proper tribunal. A. H. Summy.

A gentleman in the eastern part of the State, who was about having his leg amputated on account of its being bent at right angles and stiff at the knee, heard of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. After using it a short time his leg became straight, and is now as serviceable as the other.

The Prototype of the Milwaukee Ghost.

Our Milwaukee friends, the story of whose haunted household was rehearsed in our columns a few days since, may perhaps be consoled to learn that in Spiritualistic professions, as in more strictly mundane affairs, history repeats itself, and that the manifestations which have aroused their terror were almost exactly paralleled in a series of domestic occurences a little more than a century ago.

In the beginning of January, 1772, one Mrs. Golding, living at Stockwell, in the County of Surrey, England, engaged a maid-servant, named Ann Robinson, who soon appeared to be a "medium" of the first water, for within a few days of her advent—namely, on the 6th of January—a crash was heard in the kitchen, and she ran up stairs in seeming affright to inform her mistress that the plates and dishes were spontaneously jumping from the dresser. Immediately after this preliminary warning from the lower regions articles in other parts of the house began to show signs of being bewitched, and wherever Ann Robinson went havoc followed her.—A clock precipitated itself suicidally from its bracket; an earthen pot committed hari-kari; bottles and glasses entered into bacchanalian orgies, and smashed each other; an egg was thrown with violence across the kitchen, striking a cat on the opposite side of the room; candlesticks and other mantle ornaments took to themselves wings and flew madly from their usual stations; a pail of cold water bubbled and hissed as if boiling vehemently; tables moved in a mysterious way, and were overturned; cups and saucers launched themselves into space from their allotted shelves; when, to avert further breakage, mistress and maid placed the rest of the glass and crockery-ware upon the floor but incontinently several tumblers and bowls leaped frantically to a height of two feet or more, and shattered themselves in falling, and many other destructive incidents occurred which we have not space to record, the course of devastation continuing almost uninterruptedly for nearly forty-eight hours, or until the "medium" was discharged, when peace and quiet were restored.

In those days there were no "female magnetic physicians" to explain the phenomena by seeing visions of gigantic male ghosts looking over the obsessed maiden's shoulder; but all the wiseacres of Stockwell agreed that, although the cessation of the disturbances during Ann Robinson's absence was rather curious, yet the circumstance that she was never seen very close to the animated articles of furniture was enough to absolve her from any direct concern in the matter, and, besides, it would be more wonderful to suppose that she could do such feats than to attribute them to supernatural agency. They were accordingly attributed, as the performances of the Cock Lane Ghost had been. But long afterwards, when the events and the superstition to which they gave rise had passed from public memory Ann Robinson let out the secret, and confessed that the whole affair was a mischievous practical joke of her own invention. She had attached long horsehairs to some light wares, and overset others by means of surreptitious wires; an effervescing powder had caused the ebullition of the pail of water; and when the imaginations of her simple-minded dupes were sufficiently alarmed to override their reason she had not scrupled behind their backs to throw down or set in motion more ponderous articles with her unaided hands, rightly conjecturing that her victims' fright would save her from detection and magnify the apparent miracle.

It would, perhaps, savor of personality to specify under what change of name the fable may be narrated, but there is nothing libelous in transcribing the logical axiom that "like causes produce like effects."—*N. Y. World.*

New Type-Setting Machine.—There is now on exhibition in New York a new type-setting machine, which has been invented by Mr. Fenton G. Foster, of Wakefield, N. C. The defects of previous machines Mr. Foster claims to have remedied in his invention, and he thinks he has in this one an apparatus capable of doing the work of four ordinary compositors, and of doing it equally well if not better than they. With the aid of machinery to construct each part of the machine, Mr. Foster expects to furnish it at a cost of about $25—a price which will bring the article within the reach of all printers. In appearance the apparatus is not unlike a parlor organ, with key-board exactly like that instrument and at each side are two stops, which are used for changing the letter. Underneath, as in the organ, is the pedal, the use of which is to place the type in position after it drops from the font above. Each key is lettered and as the operator touches it by an ingenious arrangement of springs the corresponding letter is detached from the font above and dropped down to the level of the key-board, and by a pressure of the foot of the operator upon the pedal is securely placed in the form.

The fonts for the type are placed at the top of the instrument, and when the last letter in a font drops a little bell warns the operator to replace the empty font with a full one. Each style of letter is handled with equal facility, a change in the stop at the side changing the letter from roman to italic, etc., just as in the organ the tone is changed. Little practice is required to operate the machine, as it is constructed to do most of the work itself. Mr. Foster has spent the last eight years of his life in perfecting the present apparatus, and during that time has constructed many different machines, only to find the radical defect in them when completed, but the present one satisfies him, and he appears certain that it will do its work well. He invites inspection from all practical men, and very many men have called at his rooms and examined the machine and witnessed its working.

In connection with this composing machine Mr. Foster says he has invented a machine for distributing the type, which will do its work quite as accurately and more rapidly than the type-setting machine does. He has not yet consructed the latter machine, wishing to introduce the present one first. His other invention is patented, however, and as soon as practicable a working model will be built and exhibited.

—A war of the races was inaugurated on a small scale by one Michael Murrel, a mulatto, at Augusta Georgia, a few days ago. Murrel first insulted a white lady as she was alighting from a street railroad car, and then shot her husband dead for expostulating. Up to this the mulatto had the advantage, but retribution came quickly. He was arrested, taken to jail and subsequently brought therefrom by an infuriated throng of citizens and publicly shot. The race-war which Murrel proposed to institute was not a success either, for colored as well as white residents, while wishing that the law had taken its course, still admitted that he received no more than his deserts.

—One of the oldest and most respected citizens of New Ashford, Mass., has a sadly ungrateful daughter. For some reason the old gentleman slightly chastised her dog, when the woman flew into an ungovernable rage and attacked her father, knocking him down, scratching his face and neck, and tearing out his gray hair in her fury. The boys talked of tar and feathers, but the woman was finally allowed to leave town unmolested.

News and Political Items.

—A Mr. O. B. True was married recently in Connecticut.

—Henry Ward Beecher at Littleton, New Hampshire, on Monday denied under oath all the allegations of Tilton.

—General Wm. McCandless has declined the Democratic nomination for Congress in the First District of Philadelphia.

—The Chicago *Times* says it is beginning to think better of Grant. His regular attendance at camp-meetings is in his favor.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad claims the largest locomotive in the country. It has twelve driving wheels, and weighs seventy-five tons.

—Thomas Coyle, of Chester, Pa., is anxious to swim for the championship of the world. He says he has money to stake on the result.

—A Milan (Tenn.) dispatch says an incipient negro riot in that county was nipped in the bud on Monday by the arrest of the ringleaders.

—A Philadelphia bride recently received a handsomely bound Bible as a wedding present. On a fly leaf was inscribed "Beware of preachers."

—The Democrats of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Missouri, and the Republicans of Michigan and Kansas held State conventions on Wednesday.

—The Bellefonte *Watchman* thinks State printing will not amount to shucks if Harry White—the great blustering, blathering, long-winded, egotistical, bombastic haranguer—should succeed in getting to Congress.

—Mr. Largen, a farmer living near Monroeville, Va., last week attempted to fill a lighted kerosene lamp in the presence of his three children. He did not succeed in filling the lamp, but he succeeded in furnishing four corpses for the funeral next day.

—A girl of sixteen, in Buffalo, has fallen so intensely in love with her own brother, a youth of twenty-three years, that her parents have sent her out of the country to Germany, where she will be kept at school until her unnatural passion is cured, if cured it ever can be.

—Bishop Domenec is about establishing a union of the Catholic Temperance Societies in the diocese. He has instructed the clergy to cause organizations to be effected in their several congregations, and early in October it is intended to hold a convention to perfect the union.

—The custom which express companies have of selling off, every now and then, unclaimed packages, which are unopened, is declared by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania to be illegal, and a fraud upon the rights of the owner, for which the company is liable in damages.

—There will be a rush of able bodied whites for the Black Hills to gather gold, which will induce a larger number of aborigines to go for their scalps, which must of course beget a first-class Indian war. Lieut. Col. Custer will then march back to the aforesaid Black Hills to stay.

—All the coal companies doing business in the Wyoming and Lackawanna Valleys stopped work on Monday on account of the market being overstocked. They expect to resume on the first of September. Twenty thousand men and boys will have no employment during the suspension.

—Another one, George W. Claypole, a clerk in the Baltimore Post Office, has gone the way of Radical office holders, having been detected in rifling letters. He surrendered about fifty letters, with valuable contents of money, jewelry, etc. He was detected by means of decoy letters.

—The Pennsylvania Republicans charge the "war of races" upon the Democracy, and call upon Congress to enforce the Constitutional amendments. Moses and Kellogg says the Louisville *Courier Journal*, will be glad to hear that their friends in the North still have an eye to their interests.

—A riot between white men and negroes, caused by the shooting of a white man by a gang of blacks, arose in Lancaster, Ky., Wednesday night, and was quelled or nearly so on Sunday, seven men, five white and two black, having been killed, and four men, three white and one black, wounded.

—Governor Hartranft and Adjutant General Latta, in accordance with the act of Assembly passed at the last session, have selected a site for the erection of a new arsenal on the property of J. S. Haldeman and Rev. James Calder, on Prospect Hill, near the new reservoir at Harrisburg.

—That noble animal, the horse, seems to feel his oats this summer. The best trotting time on record has been made, and last week the best running time for four miles was made at Saratoga. The time, 7:19½, was made by Fellowcraft, beating Lexington's time by one-quarter of a second.

—Purifying the party within itself is what the Milwaukee *News* styles it. The Vermont Republicans have shelved Congressman Willard, who exposed the President's connection with the salary grab, and rewarded Judge Poland, the author of the infamous press-gag law, by a renomination.

—A correspondent of the New York *World* congratulates the editor of that Democratic paper and the Democracy generally that not a single Democrat is in any way mixed up in the Beecher-Tilton-Bowen-Moulton-Carpenter free-love matinee. "This is not our funeral," he says, "whoever else's it may prove to be."

—The propeller City of London was burned on Thursday night, while lying at her dock in Collins' Inlet, in Lake Huron. Thirty passengers, who were in their berths at the time, barely escaped with their lives. A deck hand named Campbell, perished in the flames. The City of London ran between Chicago and Collingwood, Ontario.

—Uncle John Harper, the famous Bluegrass turfman, and owner of Longfellow, died at his home in Woodford county, Ky., Wednesday. He has been ill for a long time, confined to the room and occupying the very bed in which his sister, Betsy Harper, was murdered two years ago. He leaves a property estimated at a quarter million dollars.

—The new Constitution has been defeated in Ohio by a majority ranging, between fifty and seventy-five thousand. The Liquor License article, submitted to a separate vote, has been adopted. So, after the long and fierce war waged by the women of the Buckeye State against the sale of intoxicating drinks, the people of Ohio vote for license to sell.

—Two men named Isaac Stewart and Samuel Waters were run over while walking on the track by an express train near Oakland station, on the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad, between ten and eleven o'clock on Monday morning, the former being instantly killed and the other so badly injured that he died within an hour afterwards.

—Pulaski county, in the extreme southern part of Illinois, is afflicted with phenomena. Last week a meteor burst over the region, and now the people have discovered, on the banks of Cache River, an acre lot which, from some unknown cause, has recently sunk ten feet below the surroundings country. They want to know if that is where the meteor "lit."

—A year or two ago a New Hampshire farmer sued a railroad corporation for damages. He pleaded his own case, that he was a helpless cripple, with both legs broken, and dependent upon his daily labor for bread. He got $10,000. Last week he was seen chasing a refractory cow through one of his fields, and apparently having no use for a crutch, except possibly to beat her therewith.

—There is a family in Greene county, says the Uniontown *Standard*, consisting of father, mother and thirteen children. The oldest child is aged seventeen years. The four youngest are still using sucking-bottles, and have no names. The oldest of the four is in its fifth year; the youngest is in its first. We may add, the prospects are still good for several more. Greene county must be a healthy place to live in.

—On Thursday night three men on horseback rode up to the residence of James Peat, near Orient, in Adair county, Iowa, dismounted, and by means of a ladder gained access to an upper room, where was sleeping a daughter of Mr. Peat, a girl seventeen years of age. They bound her with ropes, then carried her out and strapped her to one of the horses, and then rode off. It is probably a case of elopement, as another daughter went off two years ago in the same way.

—An exhibition of the city of Pompeii as it was 1,800 years ago is now to be seen in Paris, winding up with an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which is said to be splendid. The whole city is reconstructed before the spectators. The forum, the street of the tombs, the tragic theatre and amphitheatre, the bath, the villas and mansions of citizens, are all displayed. Photo-sculpture is among the means employed to produce the illusion. The show is exceedingly successful.

—Miss Susan B. Anthony, in an interview with a reporter on Monday, relative to the statement of Bessie the adopted daughter of Theodore Tilton, implicating Miss Anthony in an improper *tete-a-tete* with Theodore Tilton, denies the whole story, and says "she never heard that the girl Bessie was anything more than a servant in Tilton's family; that she was an idiot, and that Mrs. Tilton had repeatedly said she could not instil into the girl the first elements of truth."

—A Scottish hermit named John has just emerged from a life of solitude among the Franklin Hills of Massachusetts. He is a little over 50 years old, and with plenty of iron-gray hair on head and face. His abode has been a cave in an immense wall of granite. He enlarged the cave by heating the rock and dashing cold water against it, so that it is now about twenty feet square, and in one place eight feet high. His companions have been cats, of which he usually fed from three to seven.

—A gentleman at Lake George, says the N. Y. *Commercial Journal*, after waving his handkerchief for half an hour or more at an unknown lady, whom he discovered at a distant point on the shore, was encouraged by a warm response to his signals, to approach his charmer. Imagine his feelings, on drawing nearer, he saw that it was his own dear wife whom he had left at the hotel but a short time before. "Why, how remarkable we should have recognized each other at such a distance," exclaimed both in the same breath; and then they changed the subject.

—A little New York boy, says one of the journals of that city, eleven years of age, did a plucky thing while visiting in the country. He was standing by a switch on the railroad track which passed through the village, and as the tender changed the switch to turn an incoming train out of the way of another train going out, the little boy's hand got caught in the switch. It hurt badly, but the little fellow would not let the switchtender take the risk of trying to make the two changes necessary to release him in the brief time allowed, but stood bravely in torture until the entire train had passed.

—The Charleston News and Courier thinks that the town of Sumter was a very appropriate place for Gov. Moses to give an account of his stewardship as the exemplar of South Carolina Republicanism. It was at Sumter, in Charleston harbor, that Captain Moses, of the Confederate army, hauled down the United States flag, and after the Confederate flag was furled forever, it was to the town of Sumter that Capt. Moses returned, and there he avowed his conversion to Republicanism. The negroes of Sumter elected him to the Legislature, and enabled him to become Speaker, and thereby secure the nomination for Governor.

—Dr. Simon, a physician of Lorraine, gives a new cure for boils, namely: by treating them with camphorated alcohol. As soon as the culmination point of a boil makes its appearance he puts a little of the liquid in a saucer, and, dipping the ends of his little fingers in it, rubs the inflamed surface, especially the central part, repeating the operation eight or ten times for about half a minute. He then allows the surface to dry, placing over it a slight coating of camphorated olive oil. He says that four such applications will, in almost all cases, cause boils to dry up and disappear; the operation should be performed morning, noon and evening.

—Moulton's statement occupies twenty columns of the New York papers, but adds nothing to the evidence already before the public, beyond his own statement that Mr. Beecher admitted to him his criminality as Tilton alleges it against him. If Moulton had made this statement earlier, while the public still retained that confidence in him as the friend of both parties, which he has in some degree forfeited by the evidence lately given of his partisanship of Tilton, it would have been very effective, and might have settled the case. As the matter now stands individual sentiment is not likely to be greatly effected by this latest and most voluminous contribution of matter.

—A colored man named Charles Cook died a horrible death at Riverhead, Long Island, on Tuesday night of last week. He was a man of prodigious size, and in consequence of a great accumulation of fat he had for some time been hardly able to get about. For the two weeks preceding his death he was in a constant struggle for breath, the air passages being nearly closed by the increasing fat, and he was at last literally suffocated from this cause. For days and nights he was compelled to remain constantly on his hands and knees, as this was the only position in which he could breathe at all, and at the end even this resort failed him. His weight was 536 pounds.

—As was generally expected, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, the Investigating Committee of Plymouth Church exonerate their pastor fully in their report upon the charges preferred by Tilton. The Committee, however, make a mistake similar to that made by Mr. Beecher in his recent statement, when they devote so much of their finding to the establishment of a bad character for Tilton. It was not Tilton they were appointed to try, saving in so far as might concern the truth or falsity of his complaint; and the manner in which the endeavor to connect his veracity with his chastity, while ingenious, will not commend itself to the average readers as being particularly safe or reliable.

—The Tilton-Beecher case drags its slimy length slowly along. To counteract Mr. Moulton's statement the Committee has published the testimony of a young lady, formerly an inmate of Tilton's house, which is very strong against his moral character and ascribes to him heinous offences. All kinds of suits and cross-suits, statements and counter-statements are now promised and in the meantime the public is growing heartily sick of the whole affair, and hails with a sigh of relief the indications that the responsibility of judgment is to be taken from popular opinion to the courts of law, where an investigation can be conducted subject to those restrictions under which persons are ordinarily supposed to tell the truth.

It Didn't Fool the Young Man.—A Phoenixville maid, quite old, became anxious about her matrimonial chances [illegible] ly concocted a plan to deceive a [illegible] fellow as to her age, who showed some hankering after her. This was the way she tried it: The old family Bible contained a faithful record of all births, marriages and deaths. This volume the lady took to her chamber, and selecting the birth record, managed by dint of scratching and [illegible] to change the date of her birth to a date eleven years later than when it it had legitimately been recorded. Then the Bible was placed on the sitting room table in a conspicuous manner. Then that evening came along the lover. He soon began to finger the Bible pages, and finally reached the birth record, where and when he discovered, to his surprise, that his Angelina was just one year younger than himself. He tho't it strange, as she appeared rather older. He kept his mouth shut, and continued to fumble over the pages. Then he began reading the death list, and in so doing he made the very astonishing discovery that the radiant maiden, according to the Bible, had actually been born ten years after the decease of her father. The young man having seen through the [illegible] which had been prepared to trap him, quietly arose in all the elegance of wounded innocence, bade Angelina good bye, and now swears that "eternal vigilance is indeed the price of liberty." Maturing old maids, here is a warning set for you to heed and profit thereby.—*Reading [illegible]*.

A great many people have asked us of late, "How do you keep your horses looking so sleek and glossy?" We tell them, it's the easiest thing in the world: give Sheridan's *Cavalry Condition Powders* two or three times a week.

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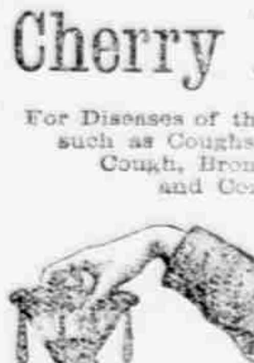
For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.



Among the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effectual remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that Cherry Pectoral will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of Consumption, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing Coughs, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence; and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, Cherry Pectoral is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome Influenza and painful Bronchitis, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

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BY

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Clerk of House of Representatives, U. S.

[illegible]

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GEO. [illegible]

P. O. Box 134, Washington, [illegible]

UPHOLSTERING.—Having located permanently in this place, [illegible] Carriage Shop of D. M. Choate, [illegible] desires to inform the people of Ebensburg and parts adjacent that he is prepared [illegible] kind of UPHOLSTERING, such as [illegible] riages, buggies and other vehicles, [illegible] sofas, chairs, cushions, bedding, etc., and [illegible] doing all work in that line. Old [illegible] ture, vehicles, etc., made as good as new [illegible] particular, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed [illegible] every instance. Charges moderate and [illegible]

FELIX WE[illegible]

Ebensburg, July 31, 1874.-3m.*

WANTED—FOUR TEACHERS for the Ebensburg Schools. An examination of teachers will be held in the Union School building, Ebensburg, on Wednesday, Sept. 2d, [illegible] at 9 o'clock, A. M. The schools will open [illegible] Sept. 7th, for a session of seven months.

By order of the Board.

Aug. 14, 1874. D. W. EVANS, Sec'y.

LICENSE NOTICE.—The following named persons have filed petitions for License, and the same will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas at September Term:

Philip Itsel, Loretto Borough, Eating House.
Patrick Dowd, Washington Twp., Tavern.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, July 28, 1874.

E. H. PLANK, M. D., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Office adjoining residence and immediately in the rear of Hon. R. J. Lloyd's drug store. Night calls can be made at the residence of Mrs. Bunn, on Crawford street, Ebensburg. [illegible]

T. W. DICK, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of R. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [illegible]

CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

- - - AUG. 28, 1874.

Announcements.

FOR ASSEMBLY.

JACOB S. KEIL,

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.

[illegible] of the Democratic County Convention.

ASSEMBLY.

[illegible] NATHANIEL HORNE, [illegible] to announce his name as one of [illegible] for Assembly, from this [illegible] provisions of the new constitution [illegible] House submits his [illegible] will [illegible] all good [illegible] and abide by the decision.

PROTHONOTARY.

[illegible] will be a candidate before [illegible] Convention for the office of Prothonotary [illegible] county, subject to the [illegible] party, and hopes to [illegible] the support of his party [illegible]

A. J. CHRISTY.

COMMISSIONER.

[illegible] friends, I hereby [illegible] a candidate for the office [illegible] subject to the decision [illegible] Democratic County Convention.

J. LITZINGER.

Aug. 12, 1874.

COMMISSIONER.

[illegible] a number of friends, [illegible] himself as a candidate for [illegible] and having no doubt of [illegible] to his will [illegible] the duties of said office [illegible] he hopes to meet with [illegible] of the approaching [illegible] Convention, to which alone [illegible]

JOSUE D. PARRISH.

June 22, 1874.

COMMISSIONER.

[illegible] right to be [illegible] as the case may be, for the [illegible] Commissioner that is possessed [illegible] the subscriber hangs [illegible] well and declares his [illegible] the "dear people" to the [illegible] provided, and provided [illegible] County Convention [illegible] his name on the Democratic [illegible]

JOHN SHARBAUGH.

POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR.

THE NAME OF

WILLIAM McDERMITT,

[illegible] Township.

[illegible] to the consideration [illegible] County Convention [illegible] office of Poor House Director.

MANY.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

[illegible], and the Other Place.

[illegible] degrees yesterday.

[illegible] down at the Loretto [illegible]

[illegible] letter came to hand too [illegible] week.

[illegible] a penny earned. Buy [illegible] M. L. Oatman's.

[illegible] exchange tells us, will im[illegible] We hope so.

[illegible] was the sensation [illegible] night last.

[illegible] the "derrick," but [illegible] day by day.

[illegible] hundred strong, [illegible] bound yes[illegible]

[illegible] reward. For the man who [illegible] get the worth of his money [illegible]

[illegible] arrived here [illegible] the [illegible] is [illegible]

[illegible] son of John and [illegible] months, died at Gal[illegible]

[illegible] the day—Who is the [illegible] Ninety-two per [illegible]

[illegible] for the erection of a [illegible] county offices are now [illegible]

[illegible] Philadelphia, is [illegible] heads right and [illegible] in this latitude.

[illegible] of Conemaugh [illegible] on Friday last. He [illegible] was much esteemed [illegible]

[illegible] the balloonist, [illegible] pulled up stakes [illegible] two days.

[illegible] a son of our [illegible] was thrown from [illegible] township, [illegible] of the wri[illegible]

[illegible] meeting is in [illegible] this week.—[illegible] occupied, and the [illegible] at one thous[illegible]

[illegible] go to M. L. [illegible] received of [illegible] winter wear.—[illegible] Oatman's store, the [illegible]

[illegible] argument court [illegible] Judges Lloyd [illegible] Judge Dean will [illegible] importance, [illegible]

[illegible] next, it will be in [illegible] squirrels and [illegible] of game is [illegible] to be un[illegible] arms!

[illegible] of Fry, Dea [illegible] held in the Court [illegible] for the purpose [illegible] of the affairs [illegible] at too early an [illegible]

[illegible] Altoona *Tribune*, who [illegible] the happiest days of [illegible] Ebensburg, has rend[illegible] of us miserable [illegible] conundrum. To wit: [illegible] and Abel?

[illegible] well-known resi[illegible] died in Carrolltown [illegible] an illness extending [illegible] years. His remains [illegible] Catholic cemetery in [illegible] following Monday.

[illegible] does not mean [illegible] but it is a [illegible] that you should go to [illegible] when you want [illegible] and the best of [illegible]

[illegible] and one adorned [illegible] can be seen [illegible] For particu[illegible] of cultivating this su[illegible] call on our excel[illegible] Esq.

[illegible] daughter of [illegible] Esq., of Johnstown, and a [illegible] was esteemed by all who [illegible] residence of her pa[illegible] Her remains were [illegible] Cemetery on Tues[illegible]

[illegible] feet water was [illegible] on Wednesday [illegible] an experimental [illegible] will be used to [illegible] on the well proper [illegible] be begun to-mor[illegible]

[illegible] property adver[illegible] place on Tuesday, [illegible] the disposing of sun[illegible] pistols, etc., at pub[illegible] The government [illegible] appearance at the [illegible]

[illegible] a much respected citi[illegible] died on Friday last, [illegible] months and 25 days. Mr. [illegible] years a resident of Car[illegible] a good name among [illegible] and acquaintances. May [illegible]

[illegible] handed us the subjoined [illegible] subscribed to, of the [illegible] individuals whose [illegible] gone back on them: [illegible] pounds; Col. John [illegible] pounds; Samuel Blank, [illegible] Total weight, 841 [illegible]

John Kerr, a division foreman for the P. R. R., at Bell's Mills, Blair county, was run over by the cars at that point on Wednesday and instantly killed. The deceased had been in the employ of the company for twenty consecutive years, and was accounted an honorable and upright official. He leaves a wife and several children to mourn his untimely taking away.

—A very kind friend—we know he is a kind friend by the remark he made as well as the act performed—has placed us under obligations for a couple dozen of luscious "roasting-ears," and our greatest "Lamentation" now is that we have been forbidden to publish the name of the generous donor.

—In 1840 Ebensburg contained only 300 inhabitants, or thereabout. Now, that number of persons daily visit M. L. Oatman's store, to take advantage of the bargains offered by that gentleman in the grocery line. He sells cheap as can be bought at retail in Pittsburgh.

—We have on our table a specimen of iron ore picked up on the farm of Mr. John Hoover, of Chest township, four miles north of Carrolltown. It is said to be nearly virgin ore and, as plenty more chunks of the same sort are lying round loose in the same locality, an iron furnace out in that section is not without the range of possibility.

—Glad indeed were we to take by the hand our much respected friend, Prof. C. O. Burg, of Baltimore, who, in company with a no less welcome visitor, the son of an old-time friend, Mr. Deery, of Philadelphia, looked in on us for an hour or two Monday. Come again soon duly prepared to hang up your hat for days instead of hours.

—A game of base ball was played here last Saturday by the Juniors of Johnstown and the Junior Mountaineers of Ebensburg. The former club was victorious by the one-sided score of 17 to 53. Another game between these rival organizations, to be played some time during the continuance of the Johnstown Agricultural Fair, is talked of.

—An exchange is our authority for saying that the grasshoppers while on their journey eastward stopped a railroad train and obtained copies of the latest newspapers; and when they read therein that M. L. Oatman, 100 High street, solds groceries, etc., fifty percent cheaper than all other dealers they incontinently about-faced and moved in a southerly direction.

—Cornman is editor of the Huntingdon *Monitor*, and Lytle is a lawyer resident in the same borough. One is a Democrat and the other a Republican. They met—'twas for a moment only—in the St. Charles Hotel, Pittsburgh, on Wednesday evening, and when they parted the latter remarked that it would take at least a quarter extra to get his shirt washed. Blood will tell, you know.

—A picnic out of which a good deal of solid comfort was evolved was held at New Germany on Tuesday. The crowd was large, the lager irreproachable, and harmony undisturbed prevailed. The music was furnished by the Ebensburg Silver Cornet Band, ably assisted by that prince of violinists, Mr. Jim Maitland, and since the time the morning stars sang together for joy, no more eloquent music has been known to have been discoursed. All these who came away therefrom said it was good to have been there!

—A man named John Meloy, better known as "one-armed Johnny," while engaged in sinking a well on the premises of Mr. Henry O'Hara, in Munster township, on Wednesday of last week, attempted to withdraw a charge of powder which had failed to ignite, and for that purpose used what is known as a churn drill, instead of a stick, the proper implement, and the result was that the powder exploded, striking him in the face and not only disfiguring him badly but injuring both of his eyes, one of which, as we are assured by Dr. Devereaux, the attending physician, is totally destroyed.

—We extend our earnest sympathies to our good friend, T. I. McKiernan, and his estimable lady, of Altoona, in the mental anguish which they endured in consequence of the staying away, on Saturday evening last, of one of their children, a lad aged about seven years, but are glad to say that their grief was turned to joy on the following day by the finding of the little truant in Tyrone, whither he had gone on a wee bit of a pleasuring excursion on his own hook. In the language of an exchange—"And so ends Altoona's latest sensation: another Charley Ross." And thank God it was no worse!

—On Wednesday, 16th proximo, Mr. Jas. Downey will sell at public sale at his residence, in Buffington township, Indiana county, a lot of horses, cows, hogs, and other live stock, wagons, carriages, sleds, sleighs, barness, horse-rake, windmill, feed cutter, wheat, oats, hay, corn, etc., etc. A lath mill and a shingle machine, together with a quantity of lumber, will also be disposed of at the same time and place. The residence of Mr. Downey is in the immediate neighborhood of Strongstown, twelve miles west of Ebensburg, and we doubt not that many of our citizens will make it convenient to be present at the sale.

—The authorship of the poem entitled "Rock me to sleep, mother," is a question concerning which there is as much dispute as there is about the identity of the person who struck Billy Patterson. A half-dozen claimants to the same have their several adherents, the united clamor of whom through the newspapers is second only in point of utter and unpardonable diabolism to the particulars of the Beecher affair. But we have yet to hear the question raised that T. T. Spence is not the most accomplished photographer in Cambria county. A large lot of elegant frames, etc., just received. Gallery on High street, immediately opposite Collins, Johnston & Co.'s bank.

—We had the pleasure of attending on Friday evening last a very creditable entertainment given by the colored waiters at the Mountain House, Cresson, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, dancing, etc., and must say that we were greatly pleased with all we saw and heard. Several of the men who participated have excellent voices which only need cultivation to make them vocalists of more than ordinary merit, and the only female who took part in the entertainment, a rather handsome mulatto girl, is as sweet a singer, although somewhat diffident as we would wish to listen to. All the performers were encored to the echo, and were no doubt proud, as they had a right to be, of the sensation created. May we soon have a chance to hear them once more.

—In reply to a correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Leader* who described the late gathering of Germans at the Summit as a mob of rowdies, who passed through the Cresson Springs grounds, committing innumerable outrages as they went, Mr. G. W. Mullin, proprietor of the grounds testifies that the party conducted themselves in an orderly and dignified manner. He further adds that the statement of this correspondent that the hotel over which he presides has at no time been over two-thirds full during the present season is an unqualified falsehood. The house has been uniformly crowded, with not one room in the main building unoccupied. From all of which we infer that the correspondent aforesaid, who signs himself "Tourist," is an individual in whom the quality of truth abideth not.

—St. Mary's (Catholic) church, Hollidaysburg, which of late has been much improved and greatly adorned inside and out, is now the proud possessor of one of the finest chimes of which any church in the land can boast. The chime consists of no less than nine ponderous bells, the largest of which approximates somewhere near 1,500 pounds, and when manipulated by that skillful musician, Mr. Harry VanTries, the melody produced is said to be well calculated to gladden the heart of every listener. We are pleased to notice this crowning glory of that grand old church edifice which knew us so well in our boyhood days and yet has no cause to be proud of the acquaintance, and this pleasure is enhanced by the fact that the venerable and beloved pastor, Rev. John Walsh, who enjoys the highest esteem of all classes, Protestant as well as Catholic, and who has always manifested an abiding interest in our welfare, is still in the enjoyment of comparative good health, which we sincerely hope will continue so long as life, which in this case has at all times been exceedingly useful and always irreproachable, shall be spared to him who for more than a quarter of a century has been the revered pastor of St. Mary's church, Hollidaysburg.

—100 High street. Cheapest groceries in Ebensburg.

—We are glad to see on our streets the familiar form and features of Dr. Wm. A. Smith, for a long term of years a citizen of of this place, but latterly a resident of Philadelphia. The Doctor is a fine type of the old-style gentleman, and the welcome he received and is receiving from his multitude of friends in our midst must convince him that though once and again away from our sight, he is never removed beyond the scope of our affection. In a work entitled "The Peninsular Campaign in Virginia," by Rev. J. J. Marks, D. D., we find the following mention of Dr. Smith, in connection with the Union army during the gloomy days of June and July, 1862:

> The sufferings of these men (certain prisoners of war before referred to) as described to me by Dr. Churchill, of the 4th New York Volunteers, who remained with them during all these dismal days, were most painful. Many died of hunger and exhaustion, and some of them, when brought to Savage Station, lived but a few hours. Dr. Smith, now of the convalescent camp near Washington, was at this time one of the most active and humane of the surgeons. After those brave and skeleton-like men had been brought in and laid down on the grounds near the station, he approached a group of them; they begged for bread; he took out of his haversack four or five hard crackers, which he had gathered up to preserve himself from starving; these he gave to them, telling them, with tears, that they were the last, and he was very sorry that he had nothing more to give. He left them, but their wan and haggard faces haunted him. He begged a few drops of liquor from a brother surgeon and returned and administered it to them. Dr. Smith subsequently met two of these soldiers at Fortress Monroe, who spoke to him and reminded him of the scene when he gave his last cracker to the wounded soldier at Savage Station, and told him that they felt sure that cracker and ounce of whisky had saved their lives, for from that hour the pulses of life began to return to them, and they would never forget him. "The bread cast upon the waters returned before many days."

A SLIGHT UNPLEASANTNESS.—On Saturday of last week, the folks of Washington township indulged in the recreation of a picnic at Portage station. A large and well disposed crowd was present, and the amusements incident to such an occasion were down on the programme, and the programme was faithfully and successfully carried out. With a trifling exception everything went merry as a marriage bell until evening, after the festival had closed, when a row occurred which was disgraceful in the extreme. Pistols were drawn, knives were brandished, and for a time a scene was enacted that would have done no discredit to the "border ruffian" days of '54. The immediate cause of the quarrel is to us unknown, but it probably had its inspiration in that beverage which cheers and also inebriates. The pistol-shooting was not good, for, out of a score or so of bullets scattered around promiscuously, nobody was seriously hurt, but the knife was used with more effect. Mr. D. W. Hobson was cut no less than three times, in the breast, the arm, and the leg, and his injuries are of such a nature that grave fears are entertained of his recovery. A number of other parties are reported to have received cuts more or less dangerous, while not a few were kicked and clubbed within an ace of their lives. One of the stray bullets struck a nephew of Mr. Ed. McGlade, a non-combatant, on the leg, but did not seriously injure him. Mr. McG. has only recently arrived on these shores from the Green Isle, and is not favorably prepossessed with his reception. Another bullet entered the window of a house overlooking the scene of the conflict, and very nearly struck in the head a woman who was nursing a baby.—All in all, the fracas was the most outrageous that has disgraced the county for a decade of years. While the proceedings were at their height, a freight train arrived at Portage, which was stopped by the mob and detained for a considerable length of time, and for this offence we understand that warrants for over twenty of the rowdies have been issued. And so, fortunately, there is a likelihood that the guilty ones will not go entirely unwhipt of justice.

JOHN G. LAKE, ESQ.—We have not and do not intend to interfere in the nominations of the Democratic county convention, but we do not deem it amiss to copy from the Johnstown *Democrat* the following complimentary notice of our townsman, the gentleman above named, who is a candidate for the position of District Attorney. Mr. L. is a young lawyer of ability and integrity of character, and if elected will make an attentive, competent and efficient officer.—Here is what the *Democrat* says about him:

> JOHN G. LAKE, ESQ.—The gentleman's name who heads this has been urged by many Democrats to be a candidate for District Attorney. In a conversation with WM. H. SECHLER, ESQ., the present incumbent of that office, on Monday last, Mr. S. informed us that he would not be a candidate for renomination. We have, therefore, no hesitancy in saying that the Democracy would be doing well to nominate Mr. LAKE for that position. He is a young lawyer residing in Ebensburg, of decided ability, and a Democrat because he believes in the principles of the party, and a courteous and honorable gentleman. He is no office seeker, and it is just and proper, in our opinion, that a young lawyer on entering his profession, if he has the ability and character, should receive the nomination for this office always in preference to a lawyer who has already an established business. If the County Convention nominates Mr. LAKE he will add strength to the ticket, the people will secure a careful, able, and attentive officer, and the Democracy will show that they are alive and propose to take advantage, in one respect at least, of the favorable circumstances presenting themselves to us at this time.

THIRTY-ONE THOUSAND STEINWAY PIANOS.—The Messrs. Steinway & Sons have just turned out their thirty-one thousandth Piano.

The stupendous success of this firm is owing to their great and patented inventions in piano fortes—rendering them the most perfect and durable pianos the world ever saw. One can tell the Steinway from the ordinary common trash as far as it can be heard. Then they outlast any two pianos of other makers. A nineteen-year old Steinway, owned by Mrs. Florence Kramer, of this city, is, to-day, as good as ever. Moreover the prices are not higher than those of other makers—the sole agents—Kleber & Bro., being determined to sell at the smallest possible advance. From $450 to $1,000 will buy a fine Steinway. No person of sense, rich or poor, should waste their money on inferior goods, so long as the Steinway is within easy reach. Hundreds of persons thus bitten have, after two or three years' use, gladly made a sacrifice and exchanged their shoddy pianos for the Steinways. In addition, the Messrs. Kleber & Bro. sell the popular Boston Pianos of Hallet & Cumston for half price. An $800 piano for $400, a $600 for $300, and so forth. The Great Burdett Organ also can be found at Kleber's, 122 Wood street. A single hearing will cause the listener to reject all other organs and buy the Burdett in preference. The best and cheapest instruments can be had only at H. Kleber & Bros., on Wood street, Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Chronicle*, Aug. 15.

—Mr. James Farren, one of the Poor Directors of this county, died at his residence, in Munster township, on the 25th instant.—As a public official as well as a private citizen, he so demeaned himself that his record will ever be pointed to as an exemplar, and the days are far away when it will be ceased to be mourned that so good a man as he has been removed from amongst us.

FREE OF CHARGE.—Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most efficient qualities for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Coughs and Colds are speedily relieved by it and in Croup it acts like magic. Call at R. J. Lloyd's Drug Store and obtain a sample bottle *free of charge*, or a regular size for $1; or at P. M. Woleslagle & Son's Store, Wilmore. J. R. MORRIS, 113 North 2d St. Phila. [3-13.-1y.]

THE DIFFERENCE.—The difference in human nature was exemplified at the depot the other evening. Two sisters met. "Oh, my dear, dear sister!" said one. "You've been eating onions!" said the other. And then, after comparing views with regard to the weather and the relative cost of each other's bonnets, they repaired to Myers & Lloyd's store, High street, and the last we saw of them they were deep in the mysteries of selecting a ton or so apiece of the magnificent dress goods that have a place on the counters of that enterprising and accommodating firm. Several cases of new selections just received.

Receipts for making Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Something over a year since, a periodical issued in Berlin, Prussia, and laying claims to a scientific character, published what was represented as being the formulae or receipts for making Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's golden Medical Discovery. The people were left to infer that these had been deducted from a careful chemical analysis of the medicines, which are rapidly growing in popular favor in that as well as in this and most other civilized countries. The receipts were evidently invented by those jealous of the reputation and large sale which these medicines are rapidly acquiring and who are peculiarly interested in endeavoring to check their sale. So ridiculously preposterous are these receipts that medicines compounded after them could never have gained any reputation or sale in any country, for they would be so caustic, poisonous, immediately and positively injurious, as in every case to be promptly condemned by the people on the first trial as miserable, dangerous and wicked humbugs. Whereas, it is a well-known fact that all my medicines enjoy the reputation, honestly earned, of being not only efficacious, but perfectly mild, pleasant and harmless in effects. Notwithstanding, however, that the bogus receipts were so ridiculously preposterous as scarcely to have been believed by the most unscientific, thoughtless and unsuspecting people, yet strange and incredible as it may seem, a paper of high scientific pretensions, published in this country, copied the fictitious receipts from the German paper. This they evidently did without a moment's reflection, for that much consideration, given by an intelligent mind, to the receipts and the properties and effects of the mixtures that would result from such a compounding of well-known caustic and poisonous chemicals and drugs, would have condemned them as bogus fabrications and the pretentious publishers of the paper that originally inserted them, as either knaves or fools. On my attention being called to the matter, in order that some thoughtless and over credulous people might not be deceived and misled by seeing such an announcement in a paper laying claims to a scientific character, as well as to clear myself of the imputation of being guilty of perpetrating a wicked fraud upon the people, as such announcement, if uncontradicted, would imply, I, as proprietor and manufacturer of the aforesaid celebrated medicines, went before a magistrate and made oath to the fact that the said receipts were utterly false. My affidavit was sent to the publishers of the paper into which the bogus receipts had been copied, and in a subsequent issue an editorial notice was given of my denial. But, notwithstanding such correction and denial, made under oath, certain individuals, who lounge around and infest our large cities, getting a living by perpetrating all kinds of catch-penny frauds upon the credulous, were thereby given the hint that, as my medicines were universally popular, by advertising for sale bogus receipts for making them, they could get lots of ignorant people to bite at their bait. One Frank M. Reed, of 139 Eighth street, New York, who publishes "Love and Courtship cards," a "Fortune Teller and Dream Book," "The Mysteries of Love Making," "How to Woo and how to Win," and various other swindles, sends his dupes the following in exchange for their stamps. It is copied from the papers alluded to and is as follows: "For Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, take eight grains Carbolic Acid, seven grains of Camphor, and two and a half grains of common salt, the whole to be colored with a little Prussian blue." This makes a powerful caustic mixture as unlike Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy (which is perfectly unirritating, mild, soothing and pleasant) as light is from darkness. As "a burnt child dreads the fire," if any have been so foolish as to have burned their noses sore with this caustic compound, thinking that they were using the same as Dr. Sage's celebrated Catarrh Remedy, they will, it is to be hoped, profit by the lesson thereby taught them and not be so ready next time to bite at every catch-penny advertising dodge that swindlers may offer them. For Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery the bogus receipt reads: "Take four drachms purified Honey, fifteen grains extract poisonous Lettuce, thirty grains of Opium, three and a fourth ounces dilute Spirits, three ounces water. Mix." Of this ridiculous bogus formula I will say, as I did under oath, *not one of the medicinal or poisonous ingredients therein given enters into the composition of my Golden Medical Discovery!* And furthermore, I will say that I defy all the chemists in the world to ascertain, by chemical analysis, the composition of any of my Family Medicines, as they cannot be analyzed so as to determine their ingredients, many of which are new in medicine and, like nearly all vegetable extract, there are no known reagents or chemical tests by which their presence can be determined. If any further proof is wanted to satisfy any person that the receipt given above is utterly false let that person have the mixture, as given, compounded and, not only will it be seen to be entirely unlike my Discovery in appearance, but if a further test is wanted, by taking a dose of it, it will be found to produce drowsiness and stupor, whereas my Discovery, in ever so large doses, produces no such effect. Others, located in different cities and engaged in advertising for sale bogus receipts for making my medicines, send those that bite at their bait other and various ridiculous formulae. One sent out by a villainous knave, located in Chicago, gives the chief ingredient of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy as being Blue Vitriol, which is only equaled in absurdity by another issued by parties in Philadelphia, who say that "the ingredients composing Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are "burnt Alum, white Vitriol, Sugar of Lead, and Prussiate of Iron," and that my Golden Medical Discovery is "simply Syrup and tincture of Ginger." In refutation of all the various and ridiculous bogus receipts for making my medicines that have ever been, or may hereafter be published and circulated, I would say that I have, in dealing with the people, ever been governed by the maxim that, "honesty is the best policy," and that, "success makes success;" for it is because some sufferer has obtained relief and cure, that that sufferer has sent another to me; and it is because thousands have been cured that they have recommended me and my superior remedies to other thousands of sufferers. In this way I am constantly making *living advertisements* for myself and medicines. It is a common thing to hear people say that plenty of advertising will make a success out of anything, whether it has any merit or not. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It is with this delusive idea actuating them that thousands have rushed headlong into advertising, only to find themselves bankrupt in a little while. Not more than one in five hundred, who engages in advertising medicines, ever makes a financial success out of the undertaking, for the reason that a medicine to be successful, must possess *unusual and extraordinary merit*. It is not enough that it should be a remedy of *fair efficacy*; it must possess *superior and wonderful* remedial properties, for if it does not, those who use it with the most sanguine expectations will condemn it. They will expect much of it, and it must be equal to the test, or it will prove ruinous to the proprietor. For, although a great display of advertising will, many times, create a considerable immediate demand for the article advertised, yet if that article does not possess real merit, the demand will be only temporary; the fraud will be detected, and the reaction will upset the proprietor and all his high expectations, long before he is able to recover the amount of money already expended. With this view of the subject, I have felt warranted in contracting for hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of advertising in the newspapers of this and other countries, feeling perfectly assured that the merits of my remedies were so great as to insure a financial success out of such a bold undertaking. And in this I have not been disappointed, for my sales have increased steadily year after year, until they will this year largely exceed half a million dollars worth of my medicines. This grand success, I am certain, could never have been attained had the medicines not possessed superior and wonderful merits.

The *Toledo Blade*, in an editorial article, has truly said, alluding to my business, that "great success is never achieved without merit. An article that holds the field year after year, and the sales of which increase regularly and rapidly, must have absolute merit."

The article continues: "Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., occupies our entire eighth page to-day with his various articles. We admit it because we know the Doctor, and know of his articles. We know him to be a regularly educated physician, whose diploma hangs on the wall of his office, and we know that he has associated with him several of the most eminent practitioners in the country. We know that parties consult him, by mail and in person, from all the States in the Union every day, and that they are fairly and honestly dealt with. We know that his medicines are sold in enormous quantities in every State in the Union, and very largely in many foreign countries.

"This grand result has been accomplished by two agencies—good, reliable articles—articles which, once introduced, work, easily, their own way—and splendid business management. They have succeeded because they ought to have succeeded."

In conclusion, I cannot offer a better refutation of the slanderous reports published concerning my medicines, than to call attention to the testimonials on file in my office, which are open to the inspection of the public. They are from all parts of the world, and express the gratitude of thousands that have been afflicted with Chronic Catarrh, Lingering Coughs, various Blood Diseases, affecting the skin, flesh and bones, severe diseases peculiar to Females, and many other forms of obstinate diseases, and have been cured by the use of my Family Medicines, after suffering for years and being pronounced incurable by eminent physicians.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.,

Proprietor of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY, Buffalo, N. Y.

BY 'EM.—A newly married couple who were perambulating Main street, Johnstown, the other day, saw a lovely pair of ear-rings in the window of a jewelry store. "Oh, Tom," spake up the second member of this firm, "go buy 'em!" He went by 'em, and did what was better—he went around to James J. Murphy's, on Clinton street, and expended the sum of money that would have been necessary to secure the ear-rings in the purchase of a tasteful suit of ready-made clothing. And in the end his wife said—"Well done!"

Communications.

SOUTH FORK, Aug. 17, 1874.

EDITOR FREEMAN—*Dear Sir:* I will first explain my long silence, and then, with your permission, give "Uncle Sam" a few broadsides. During the recent pen and ink war between the champion of Summerhill and myself, "C. & H." devoted much time and trouble to an expose of the shortcomings of some of the citizens of Croyle. Indeed he told so many things which his own sense of pride should have prevented, that I ceased firing, for fear lest the county at large, not knowing his little weakness, exaggeration, would believe him, and by that means the impression would be created that the people of Croyle were not such a brave set after all. It is true that I am not a *son of Croyle*, but I feel an interest in her welfare, and shall always take a hand in maintaining her character and reputation. For the reasons above mentioned I deemed it best to remain quiet for a while, especially as I imagined that the last article of "C. & H." had exhausted his stock of meanness. Imagine my astonishment, therefore, when I found another article of like import in the FREEMAN of the 14th inst., signed "Uncle Sam." Now, Mr. Editor, I have had some little experience in fighting Uncle Sam, but long since forgave him all that he has done and all that I myself tried to do. I respect Uncle Sam—indeed I may say that I have the highest regard for him—and therefore it is that I entertain the utmost contempt for any scandalmonger who attempts to sail under his name and is afraid to show his own hand. Besides, I have great confidence in Uncle Sam's veracity, which is more than I can say for some who assume his good name.

At the meeting held in Summerhill to choose delegates to the late Republican county convention, South Fork was represented by two staunch members of that party and not by the "secesh," as your correspondent is pleased to term them, unless it be that the Ring-worms of Summerhill have adopted the name "secesh" for all outside their charmed circle. Aside from this, however, I have it from the best authority that everything was already cut and dried as usual before the meeting assembled, that the parties from South Fork whose names were proposed had authorized no one to nominate them, and that *some busy body* nominated them merely as a dirty political trick, knowing full well that the presenting of the two names together would prevent them from receiving a respectable vote—the entire programme being thus arranged so as to insure the selection of two men from Summerhill. Permit me to say that it is none of my funeral, not being nor not wishing to be a member of that party, and yet, while I entertain the highest respect for the gentlemen chosen, I must say that taking all things into consideration it was an act of discourtesy and gerrymandering well worthy the Ring-worms of Summerhill. It is very natural for such people to sound their own praise, for verily no one else would think of doing it. They may possess all the wealth, fame, population and morality which "Uncle Sam" claims for them, but I am afraid it would require a man possessed of extraordinary optical powers to see it in that light. Surely they must hide their candle under a bushel measure.

The assertion made by "Uncle Sam" that the representative of our Sabbath school misrepresented said school at the late S. S. convention in Ebensburg, I most emphatically deny. Our school was organized as a Union Mission Sabbath School, the officers and teachers were selected from the various denominations, and the Recording Secretary's report, the roll book, and in fact all the papers of the school, bear on them the title above indicated. If the report handed in at Ebensburg was recorded as anything else it was an error, and our Secretary will request the Secretary of the convention to make the necessary correction.

If our neighbors of Summerhill would devote the same time and attention to their own church affairs that they have been doing to ours, it is quite probable that they would find enough to do in the way of settling the little misunderstandings which are continually arising the several denominations of that miserable little hamlet. In the meantime it would be well for "Uncle Sam" (so called) to remember that he can't pull the wool over our eyes by his thanks giving to the trustees and directors of the church and school house in that village.

"Uncle Sam" as well as "C. & H." appears to take great delight in abusing what they are pleased to term the rebels and secessionists of South Fork. This too in face of the fact that the writer, so far as he knows, is the sole representative of the "Lost Cause" in this place, and therefore the only one who needs to assure them that he is very far from being offended at the name of "Johnny," although bestowed upon him in the spirit of derision. The fact is he is not the least ashamed of it, but rather proud of the title.

I would like to give some items of news, but this letter I find is too long already; so I will postpone an account of our improvements, etc., until my next letter.

I shall be glad to hear from "U. S." again. I really begin to feel proud of this contest. One "Johnny" vs. "Uncle Sam," "Caesar and Holder," and the rest of the Summerhill Ring. Pitch in, boys; I'll try and meet you all half way.

Yours, B. E. R.

Local Correspondence.

ST. NICHOLAS, Aug. 24, 1874.

FRIEND MAC—On Friday night last a portion of Barr township was visited by a terrible storm of wind and rain, which did considerable damage to property hereabout. The greatest havoc was made by the wind, fences and trees being blown down in every direction and entire fields of corn and oats prostrated. On the roads leading to this place the scene presented conveys a vivid idea of the violence of the storm in the great number of trees uprooted and fences levelled to the earth. Mr. D. T. James, one of your subscribers, who resides a short distance north of this village, was among the principal sufferers, not only his fences and crops being prostrated, but upwards of four acres of fine timber uprooted by the fury of the blast. His corn crop is a total wreck and his oats will be useless except for straw. He had three men assisting him all day Saturday to replace his fences, and yet they did not succeed in completing one-third the job. Other farmers suffered severely in like manner, but I failed to learn particulars. A horse belonging to Mr. Anthony Leibold, living a short distance east of here, was struck by lightning during the same storm, and although not killed, it was rendered powerless, and all efforts thus far to induce it to rise to its feet have proved unavailing. The presumption is that it will die. No storm of equal magnitude has ever before visited this section, and it is to be hoped that none such will ever again obtrude its unwelcome presence upon this or any other community.

The population of Barr township is composed of solid, staid, sober and industrious citizens, who for the most part are sound and reliable Democrats, but are not perhaps to the extent you could desire and I would be glad to see a unit in support of your worthy journal. Still it was gratifying to me, a casual visitor, desirous as I am for the success of the FREEMAN, to see with what avidity the patrons of your paper, and others who ought to be, seek for and peruse the FREEMAN, as they did the last number and as I am assured they do every time it reaches here by due course of mail. Patrons or no patrons, however, all unite in the opinion that McPike is a "brick" and that the FREEMAN is not only by all odds the best paper in the county, but one of the best country papers in the State. Long live the FREEMAN, and still longer may its list of subscribers grow, for it and its editor deserve and should receive the united support of all the Democrats in the county, as well as of such Republicans as appreciate a good local newspaper and wish to see a deserving man prosper.

Mr. Nicholas Lambour keeps a very excellent hotel here—a fact which aspirants for office, politicians and the public generally should bear in mind. Besides being a good landlord, Lambour is a host in himself and has the confidence and good will of all the people of Barr township, which makes him a man to be counted. I have interviewed Lambour, feasted on his good things, talked politics, etc., to him, and must admit that he is one of the best of good fellows, of whom by the way the north of our county has many such. Lambour is not a Turner—that is, he does not turn decent people away from his door—but his motto is, nevertheless, "Gut Heil!"

A couple of weddings are on the tapis here, in the consummation of which the now expectant bridegrooms will secure good wives, and vice versa. Mr. T. C. Luther, of this township, and a daughter of Mr. Dominic Ager, of Carrolltown, are the parties of the first part, and Mr. Wolfgang Reigle and Miss Maggie, daughter of Mr. Michael Byrne, formerly of your place, will comprise the parties of the second part in the approaching nuptials. All who know the ladies and gentlemen named have no hesitation in saying that each happy couple is well worthy of his or her prospective mate, and that all are deserving the best wishes of their respective friends, which they certainly have.

It would no doubt be impossible to find any locality into which the stench of the Beecher scandal has not penetrated, and hence the following interview between father and son is as likely to have occurred in this "neck o' timber" as anywhere else. Hear it: "Papa, do you think Beech——" "Hush, child." "But, papa, don't you think Beech——" "Don't I tell you to hush, sir? You must not talk of such things." Whereupon Johnny went off with tears in his eyes, wondering all the way why it was that his papa wouldn't tell him whether or not the *beech*-nuts were ripe.

Yours, LOCAL.

RHYTHMICAL REASON.—If in your "biz" you wish to rise, show your spunk and advertise. Girard and Bonner made their "chink" by freely using printer's ink, while other men (the thought is sad) who in the paper had no "ad" in years a few went to the bad. The moral he who runs may read, and every business man take heed, content and wealth those men will bless who furnish stamps to oil the press. Of such in an eminent degree are Messrs. S. J. Hess & Bro., of 241 and 243 Main street, Johnstown, who keep the public constantly advised of their ability to furnish the best made, neatest and most stylish clothing at wonderfully low prices and make good their promises on all occasions.

THE man who buys his goods right straight along without ceasing from M. L. Oatman, may expect to wake up some fine morning and find himself rich. Try it and you'll not deny it.

Original Poetry.

THE LAMP OF LIFE.

The Lamp is lit—'tis burning low—
A feeble and uncertain light;
Each little gust of wind that blows
Bids fair to change its day to night.

But now 'tis growing brighter fast,
And lighting up what once was shade;
Looks now as if fore'er 'twould last,
But, no! "whatever's bright must fade."

Yes, soon perhaps 'twill cease to burn—
Too soon—e'en now through open door
A breeze that threatens quick to turn
Its light to darkness, as before.

But now, it fears that blast no more,
It sends a light that's strong and bright,
And in its strength heeds not the roar
Of fiercest gale that blows outside.

Why should it heed the winds that blow,
For it has grown both strong and bright;
'Tis full of oil, and, with a glow
That's cheering, throws around its light.

Now, by Ambition's fire 'tis flushed,
And high in madness tries to go,
Where, if it falls, it will be crushed
To atoms on the rocks below.

At last 'tis free, Ambition's toils,
Somewhat enfeebled by the same;
It is no longer full of oil,
Nor has it now so bright a flame.

The oil's near gone, Time's left its stamp—
The light is nothing but a spark,
And that is gone—naught but the Lamp
Remains—it empty is, and dark. H. B. C.

APPROACH OF AUTUMN.

Now the shades of early Autumn seem to lengthen o'er the hills,
For the mild and mellow sunlight kindly gleams upon the rills;
And the ripened apple falleth, while the air is all so still;
And the tall, rank weeds stand sentry on the brow of yonder hill.

There's a calmness in the sunshine, there's a mildness in the air,
And the summer's faded glory seems so mournful everywhere;
For the birds sing low and softly, not as they were wont to sing
When the summer hours did lengthen and they made the woodlands ring.

Now the tall corn sorely rustles in the breath of silent noon;
It will yield its yellow bounty to the waiting garner soon.
There the stubbled field lies empty where once waved the yellow grain,
And the elderberries ripen in the corner of the lane.

You may feel the breath of Autumn from the northward, far away;
It doth chill the early morning and the dappled evening gray;
And the first faint, fitful vesper of the hidden katydid
May be heard along the woodland, 'mid the darkling shadows hid. A. D. H.

ALLEGHENY TWP., CAMBRIA CO., PA.

THOUGHTS IN A GRAVEYARD.

Dear angel cherub, thou art gone!
How peaceful is thy rest;
Thy loving parents need not mourn,
For thou art with the blest.
Thou wast too beautiful for earth—
A blossom bright and fair;
A bud that faded at its birth,
To bloom more brightly there.
How like an angel's was thy face,
Clothed in the robes of death!
This earth was not thy resting place,
Though thou wert born to wealth.
The valley clods will hold thee fast—
From view thy form is hid;
Soon thou wilt be with things of past,
Beneath that coffin lid.
With tearful eyes your parents turn
To leave this mournful place;
Their lovely child from them was torn,
Cold, cold in death's embrace.
But they may meet that angel one
In Heaven, where all is bright;
Then, loving parents, do not mourn
But seek that world of light.
For, oh! that bright and better world,
If we its portals see,
The glorious news has been unfurled,
Like children we must be—
So innocent, and pure, and good,
Like that dear child of clay;
Believe in Him whose cleansing blood
Will wash our sins away.
LAVENIA H. BURKHART.

Jackson Twp., Cambria Co., Pa.

LETTING.—Sealed Proposals will be received at the Commissioners' Office, Ebensburg, Pa., until MONDAY, SEPT. 21st, 1874, at 12 o'clock, M., for the erection of a Building for County Offices. Plans and specifications can be seen at the Commissioners' Office. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

W. D. McCLELLAND,
A. ANNA, } Commissioners.
M. CAMPBELL,

Attest—J. A. KENNEDY, Clerk.

Commissioners' Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 26, 1874.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

PROF. FOWLER'S GREAT WORK

On Manhood, Womanhood, and their Mutual Interrelations; Love, Its Laws, Powers, &c.

Agents are selling from 15 to 25 copies a day. Send for specimen pages and terms to Agents, and see why it sells faster than any other book. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

84 Per Cent. GUARANTEED WITH N. F. BURNHAM'S 1874 TURBINE WATER WHEEL. The best in the market, and sold for less money than any other first-class Wheel. Send for pamphlet and be convinced. N. F. BURNHAM, York, Pa.

ONE MILLION ACRES
—OF—
SPLENDID MICHIGAN LANDS
FOR SALE!

The *Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad* has been finished, is 330 miles long, and its entire land grant earned!

In Farming Lands to Actual Settlers, for Individuals or Colonies.

Special BARGAINS for 1874.

100,000 acres have been sold already. The lands are well timbered, making the *best kind of farms*. Strong soils of great producing power. Easily reached by rail or water. *Good Markets*. Railroad runs through the grant. Michigan is one of the best watered and most prosperous States in the West. Its school is unsurpassed—Its financial standing No. 1. No difficulty in transportation. Peace and prosperity are in its borders. Lands from $4 to $8 per acre. Time sufficient. Interest 7 per cent. WM. A. HOWARD, Land Comm'r, Grand Rapids, Mich.

P. R. L. PIERCE, Sec'y Land Department.

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Send for list of papers and schedule of rates.

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NO. 41 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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$5 TO $20 per day at home. Terms free. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Male and Female Agents, in their own locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars Free. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Fi. Fa.* and *Al. Fi. Fa.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on SATURDAY, the 5TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right title and interest of John W. Dumm, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Emanuel Dishart, Andrew Strittmatter, Francis A. Buck, and others, containing 100 acres, more or less, about 80 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and log barn, not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Lloyd & Co. and others.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of P. McGough, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of William Skelly, John Brady, and others, containing 75 acres, more or less, about 40 acres of which are cleared. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Lloyd & Co.

HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 17, 1874.

SPLENDID TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.—A very elegant and commodious residence in Ebensburg borough will be sold on reasonable terms. The House is brick and contains 12 rooms, 8 feet halls and basement wash-house, besides a good cellar divided into two apartments. The Lot is 128x264 feet and is well set with all kinds of fruits and shrubbery. Large Stable, Ice House, and three Buildings used as law offices. This property is desirable for a large family, or with very little improvement would make a first class hotel or summer boarding house.

JNO. E. SCANLAN, Agent.

Ebensburg, Aug. 21, 1874.-3t.

LIST OF CAUSES set down for trial at the ensuing term of Court, commencing on Monday, Sept. 7th, 1874:

FIRST WEEK.

Helfrich	vs.	Hipps & Lloyd.
Webb	vs.	Walters.

SECOND WEEK.

The County of Cambria	vs.	O'F[illegible]
The County of Cambria	vs.	Kenn[illegible]
The County of Cambria	vs.	Anna.
The County of Cambria	vs.	McClelland.
The County of Cambria	vs.	Bloch.
The County of Cambria	vs.	Berg.
The County of Cambria	vs.	Farren.
The County of Cambria	vs.	Lilly.
Little et. al	vs.	Kerr et. al.
Stromp	vs.	Carpenter.
Brown & Co.	vs.	Barnhart et. al.
Hipps	vs.	Harter.
Heslep	vs.	Heslop.
Cambria Iron Company	vs.	Christy et. al.
Burns & Stancker	vs.	Fisher, garnishee.
Hopkins et. al	vs.	Dougherty et. al.
O'Donnell et. al	vs.	Arble.
Hipps & Lloyd	vs.	Barto.
Gallaher	vs.	Gallaher.
O'Leary	vs.	Campbell.
Gallagher	vs.	Gallagher.
Williams	vs.	Lloyd.
Hughan	vs.	Penn's Rail Road Co.
Cravers	vs.	McAleer.
Burgoon's executor	vs.	Burk's executor.
Sharbaugh	vs.	Penn's Rail Road Co.
Burgoon's executor	vs.	Burk.
Brooks & Hawks	vs.	Christy.
Herrod	vs.	Griffith.
Hughes	vs.	Makin.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 10, 1874.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 9TH, A. D. 1874:

1. First and final account of William M[illegible] and James B. Kelly, executors of Patrick [illegible], late of Clearfield township, deceased.
2. First and partial account of H[illegible] executor of Joseph Funk, late of Jackson township, deceased.
3. First and final account of Peter Garman, administrator of John P. Garman, late of [illegible]hanna township, deceased.
4. First and partial account of Aaron [illegible], executor of Ephraim Cram, late of Wilmore borough, deceased.
5. First and final account of Elizabeth McGarrity, administratrix of John McGarrity, late of Summitville borough, deceased.
6. Second account of Harriet Orr and W. C. Lewis, administrators of William Orr, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
7. Third account of W. C. Lewis, trustee for the sale of real estate of James H. Mitchell, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
8. Account of C. H. Ellis executor of Elizabeth Barnam, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
9. First and partial account of Jacob S. Stull, administrator of Elias Keam, late of Adams township, deceased.

JAMES M. SINGER, Register.

Register's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 10, 1874.

STATEMENTS OF SETTLEMENTS with the Treasurers of Loretto Borough School District for the years 1872 and 1873.

PATRICK MEALLY, Treasurer for 1872.—DR.

To amount of Duplicate for 1872		$ [illegible]
" " " " 1873		[illegible]
" " for Rent of School House		[illegible]
" " from B. Kelly, Collector		[illegible]
		$[illegible]

CR.

By Vouchers audited	$[illegible]	
" Commission at 2 per cent	[illegible]	
" Order accepted	[illegible]	$[illegible]

F. X. HAID, Treasurer for 1873.—DR.

To amount of Duplicate		$[illegible]

CR.

By Vouchers audited	$253.14	
" Exonerations	[illegible]	
" amount paid Rev. F. A. Bush, rent of School House	[illegible]	
" am't Commission as Collector	[illegible]	$[illegible]
Balance due Township		$ [illegible]

We, the undersigned Auditors, having examined the above accounts, find them correct to the best of our knowledge and belief.

PATRICK MORAN,
JOHN X. CONRAD, } Auditors.
B. W. LITZINGER,

[8-14.-3t.]

GEORGE YINGER, Street Commissioner, in account with the Borough of Loretto for the year 1873—

DR.

To amount of Duplicate		$[illegible]
" amount of fines paid in		[illegible]
		$[illegible]

CR.

By balance due at last settlement	$ 2.02	
" swearing Council	1.50	
" amount paid Wm. Litzinger for lumber, etc.	20.99	
" repairing Bridge	1.75	
" plank and work on road, 1873	19.38	
" amount paid T. McGillin, Chas. Miller and B. Kelly for work	[illegible]	
" vouchers audited	22.64	
" commission on Duplicate, 5 p. ct.	[illegible]	$[illegible]
Balance due Borough		$ [illegible]

We, the undersigned Auditors, have examined the above accounts and find them correct.

PATRICK MORAN,
JOHN X. CONRAD, } Auditors.
B. W. LITZINGER,

[8-14.-3t.]

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, of March Term, 1874. *Con. Docket.*

SAMUEL LEIDY,
vs. } Summons in Ejectment.
F. P. BROWN.

Action of Ejectment brought by Plaintiff against Defendant to recover possession of a tract of land situate in Jackson township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of David Rorabaugh, Cambria Iron Co., lands recently owned by William [illegible]son, lands of Joseph Funk's heirs, and others, containing three hundred and ninety acres, more or less.

And now, August 8th, 1874, on motion of Shoemaker & Sechler, Esqs., Attorneys for Plaintiff, the Court grant a Rule upon Defendant to appear and plead in the above stated case on or before the first day of December next. By the Court.

CAMBRIA COUNTY, SS:

Extract from the Record of said Court.
[L.S.] Certified the fourth day of August, A. D. 1874. J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.

A true copy.

HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff. [L. S.] [8-14.-4t.]

NOTICE IN PARTITION.—To ROSE CAMPBELL (intermarried with Charles McKenna), and JAMES CAMPBELL, Heirs and Legal Representatives of BRIDGET CAMPBELL, deceased:

Take notice that an Inquest will be held at the late dwelling house of Bridget Campbell, late of Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, on MONDAY, the 31ST DAY OF AUGUST, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said deceased to and among his children and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling the whole; otherwise to value and appraise the same—at which time and place you are requested to attend if you think proper.

HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 10, 1874. [14.3.]

NOTICE IN PARTITION.—To FRANCIS DONAHOE, one of the Heirs and Legal Representatives of PATRICK DONAHOE, deceased:

Take notice that an Inquest will be held at the late dwelling house of Patrick Donahoe, late of Washington township, Cambria county, Penn'a, on MONDAY, the 31ST DAY OF AUGUST, A. D. 1874, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said deceased to and among his children and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling the whole; otherwise to value and appraise the same—at which time and place you are requested to attend if you think proper.

HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Aug 10, 1874. [14.3.]

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to hear, decide and report upon the exceptions filed to the partial and final accounts of WILLIAM KITTELL, Esq., Administrator of HUGH JONES, dec'd, and also to report distribution of the fund in the hands of said Administrator, hereby notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, the 28TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1874, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where they may attend.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Aug. 14, 1874.-3t.

DISSOLUTION.—Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the manufacture of sawed shingles, under the firm name of J. E. NEASON & CO., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. McGOUGH withdrawing therefrom. The business will be continued by the remaining partners under the same name as heretofore.

JAS. E. NEASON,
WM. McGOUGH,
JOHN McMULLEN.

Clearfield Twp., Aug. 5, 1874. [14-3t.]

ENGINE FOR SALE.—One new ENGINE, cylinder 12x20 inches. Price low. Address W. H. NIVLING & CO., Founders and Machinists, [illegible]

Aug. 14.-tf.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in [illegible] Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of [illegible] and Locust streets. Will attend to all business [illegible]

THE OLD SETTEE.

Settee, lounge or sofa, it matters not which, it is the same the world over. All the children know it, every man and woman grown remembers its inviting, persuasive look in childhood, for we have all been there; its sedative influence we have all felt and acknowledged, while its growing unpopularity we deplore. Over its cushions Morpheus reigns, and will reign forever more. I suppose there is a great similarity in our experiences, but here is a sample: Mother leaves the room for an instant with the light; thereupon ensues a general scramble for the settee. You know said settee is very comfortable for one person, but unless we are playing "lion," with one underneath to personate that terrific beast, who snatches and snarls at all overhanging—hands, feet or clothing—we prefer to be alone; so the best fellow secures the lounge, while the other in revenge grasps and claims the pillow, with which he speedily makes a bed on the floor. This is forbidden, and mother's entrance makes the boy "get," but the pillow gets with him, and, though the night be a melting one in July, he sits on it as complacently as though it were January. Repeated nods soon tell the story, and after throwing the pillow (a not unwelcome missile) at the face on the lounge, he goes reluctantly to bed. Mother says: "Come, dear, you had better go too." But we are talking with volubility and do not care to hear. The truth is, before we approached that lounge we were wide awake; now it is as much as we can do to keep our eyes open. We close them for relief, and find the relief so pleasant; think of continuing it, but suddenly, in a semi-conscious state, we hear: "Come, you will get asleep if you lie there; get up immediately!" "Mother, let me stay here a little longer; I don't feel a bit sleepy;" and to corroborate this statement we drum on the back of the lounge with one hand, and hum a tune, which occasionally ends abruptly: "Harry! do you hear me?" "Yes, in—in—a—minute." Here we swing one foot to and fro (slow time), and turn over, ask sudden questions with jerks, and stare at the ceiling as best we can. Then comes a blank, and we are in dreamland. If going to sleep is pleasant, the awaking is detestable. By and by, after prolonged calls which elicit no response, or only groans on our side, mother shakes us and lands us at the foot of the stairs. We ascend with indifference, stopping at each step to gather strength for the next lift. The room is reached and our sleeping weight socked on the floor; the head falls on the knees and the hands grope around for those hateful shoe-strings; we take short naps by ways of diversion, then go at the knots again with redoubled energy. The first shoe always comes off without trouble, but will the last ever come untied? We fumble and grumble—work always goes better with emphasis—and then as we are about to put stocking No. 1 through, and break the string, mother makes her appearance. Mother, who hears every noise in the house, from the clock tick to the child's croupy cough that fills her motherly heart with alarm. Six to one she administers a little wholesome correction as she patiently unties the obstinate knot, and we mentally vow *not* to go to sleep on the lounge again; but if we do to unlace the shoes first. Then we are tucked in bed, kissed good night, and our good mother vanishes. And would you believe it, the next night finds us on the lounge again! Do you know of a minor pain that settee cannot cure? No. Come home from school with a long-drawn face, and complain of an "awful pain" below the region of the heart. Forthwith we are sent to the settee, the room is darkened, and presently the odor of peppermint penetrates the pillow and olfactory organs. No need to look up; we know Aunt L. is at our side with "two nice swallows," for don't she believe that peppermint is the "cure all" for "all the ills that flesh is heir to?" That lounge allays the most excruciating tooth ache, assisted by a bit of cotton dipped in laudanum. Do you remember, after the long illness, how we were carried down stairs in father's strong arms and deposited on the beloved old lounge? How kind every one seemed, and the neighbors bring us delicacies.—The small stand from the corner is moved up beside us, a waiter placed on it, and a spotless napkin over this. The first article that is ever put on that waiter is mother's old-fashioned sugar bowl she had when a girl. Bless you, we will always remember it—the cemented knob on top and the nicked edges; it invariably contains pulverized or "mouth-full" sugar, of unexceptional quality. Then is a slice of crisp brown toast that smacks of cream and butter (only mother can make such), and a little glass of jelly, saved by the same persons for these extra occasions, and a small plate of chipped beef complete the invalid fare. The children stand around admiringly and envyingly, too, it must be confessed. As we grow older the lounge still has attractions for us.—"Keep still, dearies, let mother sleep a little. Perhaps it will cure her headache." And the poor, tired mother sinks back on the lounge for rest. She need not "court the balmy;" it comes of its own sweet will. The tired look passes from her face, the tense lines from her mouth, and we know that when she wakes the headache will be gone.

* * *

A DUTCH NOTICE.—Stop dief! Look here vonce, don't it? I vant to find me oud, of you go blenty dime, und don't got no bosepility of a dout apout it, vareapouts a man liffs here vot moft avay a long spell of veder ago. He lif'd down py an Irishman vot keep a Dutch grocery store; und runt away mit mine vife und mine umpreila, und I don't likes dot, cause dot makes me aggravation. Vell, I don't care me so much apout de ole vemans; but I vants de umperella pack. He was a shtoud-gomplected veller, apout tree huntret und forty pounts olt, und vould veigh apout dirty-fife years, mit an ivory handle und tree rips proke. Ain't it?

ATTENTION, FARMERS!!

IT gives me pleasure to inform you that I again have the agency this season for the

TWO BEST

Mowing and Reaping MACHINES

ever brought before the public.

THE SUPERIOR

has a SCREW POWER, has no cog gearing, is SIMPLE, NOISELESS, DURABLE, and a powerful Machine, and runs light. Although only three years before the public, there are over TEN THOUSAND of them now in use, and owing to the satisfaction they have given, it is expected the sale of these Machines this year will double those of any previous season. The REAPER ATTACHMENT to it also HAS NO SUPERIOR.

The Improved Iron Frame

BUCKEYE!

has been before the public about ten years, and the fact that there are over ONE HUNDRED and TWENTY THOUSAND in use at the present time, with a largely increased yearly demand for them, is a better recommendation than pen can indite. They are very simple, strong, durable and light running; and if you want a REAPER ATTACHMENT at any time, you can have a selection out of four different kinds which the Company manufactures—so you cannot fail to be satisfied.

GEORGE HUNTLEY, Agent.

Ebensburg, June 12, 1874.-tf.

FARMERS!

Money Saved is Money Earned

The undersigned are about introducing in Western Pennsylvania the celebrated **Randell Fanning Mill, Grain Separator and Grader Combined,** which has attracted marked attention in the Western States wherever exhibited among the farmers.

As a Fanning Mill it cannot be surpassed, and it is the only **real separator and grader** in the U.S.

It is **simple, rapid** and complete, and gives you perfect control in **chaffing, separating or grading** your grain.

The use of the Randell Mill will improve the condition of your grain, enhance the price from five to fifteen cents per bushel; and besides will largely increase the yield per acre, by the higher grade of seed you are enabled to obtain.

With the Randell Separator **you can also clean your own Grass Seed,** thus saving a large annual expense for grass seeds.

This mill works on an entire new principle as applied to Fanning Mills, and does its work to perfection.

Canvassers will exhibit it during the season, when you will be able to judge for yourselves of its merits.

Do not buy until you see it work.

For information, address

McCLINTOCK & CO.,

Meadville, Pa.

One or two good Agents wanted in every county.

EBENSBURG

BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Lyon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Fluid, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of Spermatorrhoea or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance. Fits, etc.

☞ Price in sealed envelope, only six cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and *radically.*

☞ This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents, or two post stamps. Also, DR. SILSBEE'S REMEDY FOR PILES. Send for circular.

Address the Publishers,

CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,

127 Bowery, New York; Post-Office Box 4586.

A LITTLE CONFAB

—ABOUT THE—

Singer Sewing Machine

And Where to Buy It.

COUNTRYMAN—See here, neighbor, can you tell me where I can buy the sewing machine people talk so much about?

CITIZEN OF EBENSBURG—Yes, with pleasure. I presume it is the Singer Sewing Machine that you mean.

C.—Yes, that's the name of it.

C. OF E.—Well, just down there, two doors east of Zahm's store, is the place, and my word for it you will be well pleased with your purchase if you invest in one of those machines. Messrs. BAILEY & TATE, the agents, have now on hand all styles and sizes of these indispensable machines, from the cheapest to the most valuable, and are accommodating gentlemen who will be pleased to show you the ins and outs of their various machines, whether you desire to buy or not. They also keep thread, needles and all the other paraphernalia of a sewing machine, and are at all times prepared to attend to the repairing of machines in a substantial and satisfactory manner, and at very moderate rates. Don't forget the place—High street, two doors east of Zahm's store, Ebensburg [4-24.-tf.]

CRAWFORD HOUSE,

EBENSBURG, PA.

John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.)

JUNIATA HOUSE,

Juliana Street, Bedford, Pa.

This well known House has recently been leased by the undersigned, who, having had many years' experience in keeping a first-class hotel, respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO TRANSIENT BOARDERS.

☞ Arrangements will be made by which guests can be furnished with meals at any hour.

TERMS—$1.50 PER DAY; $10 PER WEEK.

Boarders taken by the Day, Week, Month or Year.

MARY J. RIFFLE.

Bedford, June 5, 1874.-3m.

Ebensburg

WOOLEN FACTORY!

HAVING introduced new machinery into our Woolen Factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSINETS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.

T. M. JONES & SONS.

Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-tf.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,

BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.

Sept.20.tf. JAS. R. ZAHM, Cashier.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence in Town Hall, Julian street, where night calls should be made. [1-4.-tf.]

W. D. M'CLELLAND.........JOHN HANNAN.

M'CLELLAND & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Fancy and Plain

FURNITURE!

AND CHAIRS.

We keep constantly on hand in great variety a full line of elegant

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

IN STYLES AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL CUSTOMERS

Having the most skillful workmen in the city, we are prepared to fill all orders for

OFFICE AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!

IN PIECES OR SUITS,

At PRICES Below

Either Eastern or Western Manufacturers.

Wareroom, No. 81 FRANKLIN Street,

NEARLY OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

☞ All Furniture sent for and delivered in the city free of charge. [3-13,'74.-tf.]

Wood, Morrell & Co.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

G. C. K. ZAHM,

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER GOODS USUALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,

Ebensburg, Pa.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER!

AS WE ALL KNOW, BUT THE

PRICES

At E. J. MILLS'

CHEAP CASH STORE,

Are not over, but rather under, those of any other dealer in

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Hats and Caps

Boots, Shoes, Notions,

GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, &C.

In this "Neck o' Timber."

☞ A complete and elegant assortment of new goods is now in store will positively be sold at the closest margin. Country produce at the highest market prices taken in exchange for goods. Full satisfaction guaranteed to all buyers. Store on High street, near Centre street.

E. J. MILLS.

Ebensburg, Jan. 16, 1874.-tf.

☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞

Andrew Moses,

DRAPER & TAILOR,

4 CLINTON STREET 4

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

A CARD.

EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY

AS interested parties have been reporting in the northern part of this county that our rates for manufacturing Woolen Goods, &c., are much higher than they really are we deem it necessary for our own protection and for the information of the public to publish the following

LIST OF PRICES.

Blankets	$3.50 per pair.
Flannels	30 and 35 cts. per yard.
Cassimeres	50 cts. per yard.
Satinetts	50 cts. per yard.
Carding and Spinning	20 cts. per lb.
Carding	7 " " "

T. M. JONES & SONS,

July 18, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg Woolen Factory.

THE BIRD QUESTION.—There appear to be one or two questions that periodically agitate the agricultural mind, and that "will not down at any man's bidding." One of these is the question of deep or shallow plowing, and the answer to which any one would suppose that a man of ordinarily clear mind and the least practical experience must at once see to be entirely dependent on circumstances. Yet farmers' clubs and writers for agricultural papers continue the discussion even now, when there is absolutely nothing new to be said on the subject. Another question relates to the birds, as insect destroyers, and particularly to the sparrow. Do they do more good than harm? One gentleman declares that they are the greatest nuisances and worst crop destroyers in existence, and that those who may exterminate them would deserve well of their country, and points to the fact that premiums for destroying them are offered in England and Germany by the farmers. Others say that although they have plenty of sparrows around their fields and gardens, the worms continue to flourish as usual. But these facts are not quite conclusive. That sparrows and other birds, large and small, do some harm to growing crops, fruits especially, is not to be denied; but they do not, on the whole, do more good than harm. In certain portions of France the almost total destruction of small birds led to a plague of insects, and the bird destroyers had to be restrained. In England where there are more small birds in proportion than in this country, crop-destroying insects cause but little annoyance to the farmer. This, it is true, may be due to some extent to the climate, but not, I think, altogether. In the city of New York, the measure-worm, most disgusting of nuisances, has disappeared since the introduction of the English sparrow. I know it is said that there were other causes for the disappearance of the worm, but this has yet to be proved. I fully believe that the true cure for the spread of the potato-bug, and other depredators, is to be found in the encouragement of the breeding of small birds. It is no doubt true that some do more harm than good, but, taking them altogether, they are a blessing to the farmer, and as such he must be taught to regard them. As to the sparrow, it is quite likely he prefers grain and seeds to insects, but I believe he pays for what he eats. That he will destroy caterpillars I know, for I have seen him do it. It may be necessary to watch him just about this time, particularly in the garden, but don't kill him or his fellows. When there is no seed or fruits for him to eat he will fall back on insects, slugs, and worms, and rid you of many of these pests.

* * *

CUCUMBER CULTURE.—I have found that for a small "patch" it is preferable to take extra pains with the plants, so that they will return an extra crop. Therefore, when I have my soil nicely dug over, the positions for the plants are marked out, and rich compost with sand forked in each place for the space of three feet; wood-yard scrapings are capital for the purpose as well. Old-time folks would next raise a mound about a foot high, but I long ago detected the fallacy of this, and so, on the contrary principle, I scrape out a basin and plant the seed in the centre. I always put in plenty to avoid the nuisance of replanting several days later in the season, and then, if the seeds all germinate, I thin out to two strong plants. As soon as they have made a few rough leaves I apply a mulch of short grass or rotten chips to the surface of my basin, and every night, excepting in very wet weather, I give them a good soaking of water, which of course remains in the vicinity of the roots, owing to the depression in the soil. The mulch over the surface prevents baking, and preserves a cool, moist bed. After the vines have grown, say, two feet I pinch off the tips to induce side shoots, as well as to promote fruitfulness; but I am at all times exceedingly careful not to bruise either the shoots or foliage, as this frequently causes disease in the plant. Once a week give a little diluted manure water, and increased vigor will be the result.

* * *

WET BOOTS.—A friend writes from Europe: "What an amount of discomfort wet boots entail, to be sure; and how well we all recall the fretful efforts we have now and then made to draw on a pair of hard-baked ones which were put by the fire over night to dry. Damp and adhesive within, they are without stiff and unyielding as horn. Once on, they are a sort of modern stocks, destructive of all comfort and entirely demoralizing the temper. The following simple device will rob the cold, wet barn-yard, of a slushy Winter or Spring evening, of half its promise of discomfort for the next morning: When the boots are taken off, fill them quite full with dry oats. This grain has a great fondness for damp, and will rapidly absorb the last vestige of it from the wet leather. As it takes up the moisture it swells and fills the boot with a tightly-fitting last, keeping its form good, and drying the leather without hardening it. In the morning shake out the oats and hang them in a bag near the fire to dry, ready for the next wet night, draw on the boots, and go happily about the day's work. This simple recipe, tender-footed reader, will save you much discomfort, and will make you a tender-hearted reader as you sit with your feet in your soft foot-gear, loooking over your paper as you wait for breakfast to be made ready."

* * *

ALFALFA HAY FOR SWINE.—The Sacramento *Union* says:—It is a strange-sounding proposition to feed hogs with hay, but we have experience in this line, and, however strange or odd it may seem, it is, notwithstanding, a fact, that hogs will not only eat alfalfa hay, but that they will do well on it. We first discovered the fact by throwing a lot of alfalfa chaff from which the seed had been cleaned over to some hogs for a nest, when to our surprise they devoured it with as much greediness as they would so much oats or barley. Our own experience and observation since, has proved to us that good alfalfa hay with plenty of water will keep hogs in a good growing condition all through the winter. They may be foddered in the same way you would fodder sheep or cattle, but if cut up with cutting machine and wet before feeding they will eat cleaner and do better on it.

NEW STORE BUILDING, 113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN.

New Embroideries

—AND—

WHITE GOODS!

NEW GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

Latest Styles Ladies' and Children's

Hats and Bonnets

TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED.

Ribbons and Flowers,

A most complete variety, just opened.

SUN UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS.

of all sizes, styles and qualities, at unusually low prices. A full stock of

KID GLOVES,

all colors and sizes, as low as 75 cts. per pair.

Half Hand Gloves!

FOR GARDEN WEAR.

NEW WHITE GOODS.

Nainsook and Jaconet Muslins.
Swiss and Organdie Muslins.
White and Colored P. K's.
Lawns, Hamburg Edgings, Towels, &c.
PERCALES, for Summer Suits, very cheap.

The Celebrated "RIVERSIDE" HAT

IN WHITE AND BLACK STRAW.

Mourning Bonnets, Hats and Veils

ALWAYS IN STOCK, AT

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

All the New Goods of the Season!

ENGLISH BRUSSELS

CARPET!

Stair and Hall Brussels Carpet.

Three-Ply CARPET.

EXTRA SUPER CARPET.

VENETIAN and GIRTHING CARPET.

Ingrain Carpet, all wool.

COTTAGE CARPET FROM 25 CENTS UP.

Mattings and Door Rugs.

Floor Oil Cloths 4-4, 5-4, 6-4, and 8-4 wide; Stair Oil Cloths and Table Oil Cloths; Window Shades at prices to suit everybody.

PRINTS AT 6 CENTS.

SPRING AND SUMMER

MILLINERY GOODS!!

☞ The attention of the Ladies is invited to our Retail Millinery Department. Having engaged a first-class Milliner from the East and being constantly in receipt of the latest and handsomest styles, we are prepared to suit all tastes and meet all pecuniary circumstances.

NEW DRESS GOODS

OF FINEST QUALITIES.

Country merchants will find it to their INTEREST to call and examine our stock. We can fill their orders in Dry Goods, Notions and Millinery at the same prices they would have to pay in the east, and thus save freight and traveling expenses.

WHOLESALE ROOMS, SECOND AND THIRD FLOORS.

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

—TO—

CASH BUYERS

—AT THE—

Ebensburg House-Furnishing STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS on all goods in his line, consisting of

MOWING and REAPING MACHINES

AND OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENTS;

COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES

of the most popular designs and of all styles, prices and qualities;

TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

of my own manufacture;

HARDWARE, ALL KIND!

such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Table Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Table and Tea Spoons, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Hammers, Axes, Hatchets, Boring Machines, Augurs, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh-Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, Clothes Washers and Wringers, Patent Churns and Patent Machines generally, Grind-Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Cast Steel Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, Horse Shoes and Nails, Old Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps, &c., &c.;

Harness and Saddlery Ware

of all kind, in great variety;

WOOD and WILLOW WARE

beyond description;

CARBON OIL and OIL LAMPS.

Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.; Silver-Plated Ware, Glassware, &c.

Family Groceries,

such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Hominy, Fish, Crackers, Rice, Pearl Barley, &c.

Tobacco and Cigars.

Paint, Varnish, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Stove, Dusting, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cords, Manilla Ropes, and many other articles, at the *lowest rates for cash.*

HOUSE SPOUTING

made, painted and put up as cheap as possible. FOR CASH. ☞ A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware by wholesale.

GEORGE HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, July 25, 1873.-tf.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

Cooking Stoves,
Heating Stoves.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Loretto Marble Works.

PRICES REDUCED!

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS; also, Designs for Scotch Granite Monuments. We desire to invite the attention of the public to our beautiful Designs for Monuments and Tombstones, made of the very best Italian and American Marbles, and which will be furnished at as low rates as similar work can be obtained in Philadelphia or elsewhere. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed, and work shipped to any point at our risk. All orders from a distance will be promptly attended to. Remember that our designs and our work will compare favorably with any in the State. WILKINSON & KELLY.

Loretto, March 13, 1874.-tf.

Parke's Marble Works,

139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.

Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, AND TELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [aug.27,'72.]

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

FRANK W. HAY

Manufacturer,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet-Iron WARES,

AND DEALER IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

G. W. YEAGER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

AND DEALERS IN

Heating, Parlor and Cooking Stoves,

No. 1402 Eleventh Avenue,

Altoona, Pa.

ROOFING and SPOUTING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to, and polite attention accorded to all, whether they purchase or not.

Altoona, Sept. 5, 1873.-tf.

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking promptly and neatly done. The patronage of the ladies is respectfully solicited. [6-4,'71.]

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity. Orders left at the ZAHM STORE will receive early attention. DANIEL H. ZAHM.

Ebensburg, Sept. 4, 1873.-tf.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg.—M. M. O'NEILL & Co., Proprietors. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,

BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates

To Housewives.

Take your spring cleaning leisurely, ladies, and do not drive the gudeman from his accustomed corner with clouds of dust. Commence at the top of the house; take one room at a time; rest after each room is completed; and you will escape much of the discomfort due to such a time. We have a fancy for taking this particular industry of house cleaning leisurely, says a house-keeper, and managing it in a peaceful sort of a way so that there may be distributed along with the inevitable disorder and upside-downness a good many hours of solid comfort and and genuine self-complacence. When closets and drawers are thoroughly overhauled, all the old shoes and rags, dilapidated [illegible] and old-fashioned bonnets are gotten out of the way, and everything is in its appropriate place, in these test places of housewifely order and neatness, then we take a long breath and rest awhile, read a new book, or make a fresh frock for the baby by way of diversion, and contemplate the next raid upon the enemy. It will be the [illegible] and then the guest chamber. The walls shall be carefully wiped down, the carpet shaken, the bedding left out doors in the sun and air all day, the bedstead to be dusted and carefully cleansed in every part, the [illegible] washed, and all things put back in place and given the last touch of nicety. There is one room done and we [illegible] Somewhat fatigued we rest on our [illegible], and next day take another room, and so on to the end, going from the top down, from the front back, and every day during the process having a little time to sit quietly and [illegible] or read or sew.

The Sweetness of Home.

He who has no home has not the sweetest pleasure of life; he feels not the [illegible] endearments that cluster around that hallowed spot to fill the void of his aching heart, and while away his leisure moments in the sweetest of life's joys. Is [illegible] your lot? You will find a friendly welcome from hearts beating true to your own. The chosen partner of your toil has a smile of approbation when others have deserted, a hand of hope when all others refuse, and a heart to feel your sorrows as if they were her own. Perhaps a smiling cherub with prattling glee and joyous laugh, will drive sorrow from your careworn brow, and enclose it in the wreaths of domestic bliss. No matter how humble that home may be, how destitute its stores, or how poorly its inmates are clad, if true hearts dwell there it is yet a home. A cheerful, prudent wife, obedient and affectionate children, will give their possessors more real joy than bags of gold and worldly honors. The home of a temperate, industrious, and honest man will be his greatest joy. He comes to it weary and worn, but the music of the merry [illegible] and the happy voices of the children [illegible] A plain, but a healthy meal awaits him. Envy, ambition, and strife have no place there, and with a clear conscience he lays his weary limbs down to rest in the bosom of his family, and under the protecting care of the poor man's Friend.

Adventure With an Alligator.

In the height of the dry season, when in the torrid regions, all animated nature pants with consuming thirst, a party of the wood-cutters, English and Irish, went to hunt in the neighborhood of a lake, called [illegible], in Beef Island, one of the smaller islands of the Bay of Campeachy. To this pond the wild cattle repaired in herds to drink, and here the hunters lay in wait for them. The chase had been prosecuted with great success for a week, when an Irishman of the party, going into the water during the day, stumbled upon an alligator, which seized him by the knee. His cries alarmed his companions, who, fearing that he had been seized by the Spaniards, to whom the island belonged, and who chose the dry season to [illegible] repel their unwelcome neighbors, instead of affording assistance, fled from the huts which they had erected. The Irishman, seeing no appearance of help, with happy presence of mind quietly waited till the alligator loosed its teeth to take a new and surer hold; and when it did so, snatched away his knee, interposing the butt-end of his gun in its stead, which the animal seized so firmly that it was jerked out of the man's hand and carried off. He then crawled up a neighboring tree, again shouting after his comrades, who now found courage to return. His gun was found next day, dragged ten or twelve paces from the place where it had been seized by the alligator.

Always too Late.

Some people are always too late, and therefore accomplish through life nothing worth naming. If they promise to meet you at such an hour, they are never present until thirty minutes after. No matter how important the business is either to [illegible] or to them, they are just as late. If one of this class is to take passage by steamer or railway, he arrives just as the boat leaves the wharf, or the train the station. [illegible] dinner has been waiting for him so long that the cook is out of patience. [illegible] course, the character we have described always pursues. He is never in time at church; at his place of business; at his meals, or in his bed. Persons of such habits, we cannot but despise. Always be in time, and be ready at the appointed hour. We would not give a fig for a man who is not punctual to his engagements, and who never makes up his mind to a [illegible] till the time is lost. Those who long [illegible] hesitate and tremble—who are never ready for a journey, to meet an appointment in business, or anything else—are [illegible] and are ill calculated to succeed in business or get a living in this world.

* * *

AT the time of the laying of the corner-stone of a certain church in Troy, a well known citizen who had just buried his mother-in-law, insisted on putting the undertaker's bill into the corner-stone with the other relics. When remonstrated with he replied: "Well, I rather think when that corner-stone is opened in the course of a couple of hundred years, folks will consider this bill a great curiosity, and will open their eyes to see what a pile it cost for a funeral now-a-days."